

No. 30
APRIL
MAY

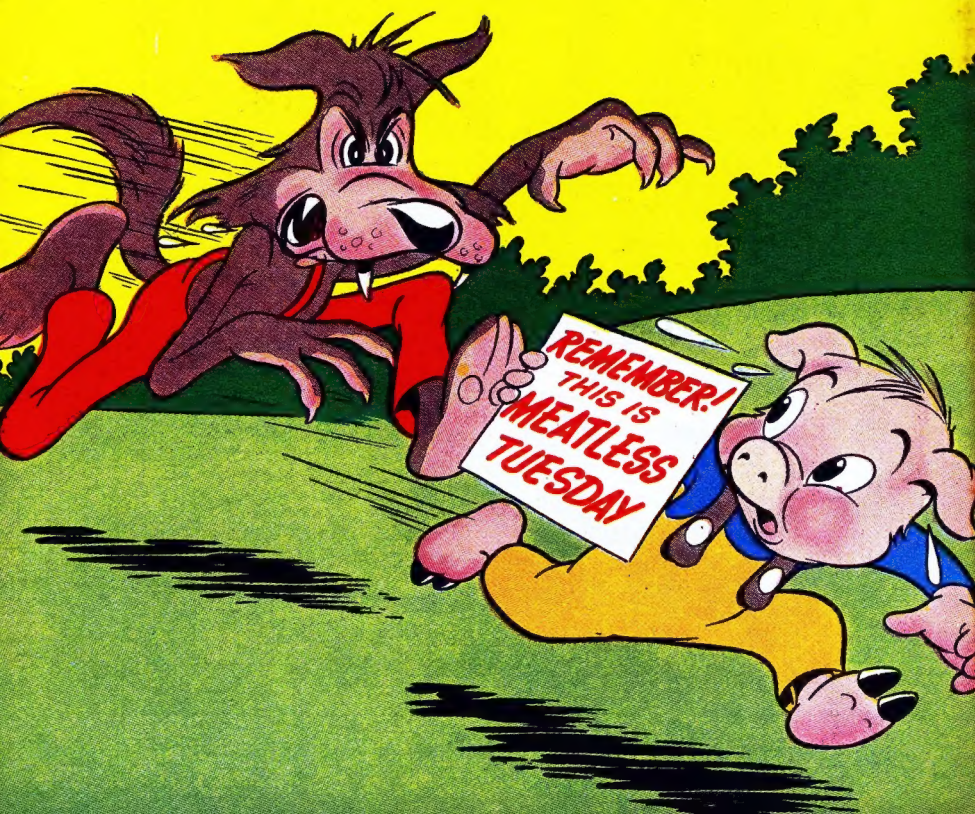


Leading COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

FEATURING
**PETER
PORKCHOPS**

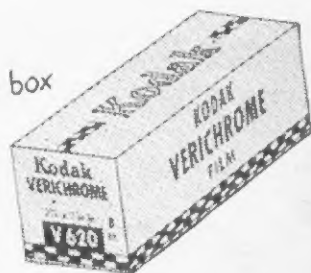
TEN
CENTS



"A snack for now...snaps
for later!"

What a story snapshots tell! And how easy to
snap those pictures of fun...even indoors (with flash equipment)...when
you use Kodak Verichrome Film! You press the button—
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film, by far.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film...the film in the familiar yellow box



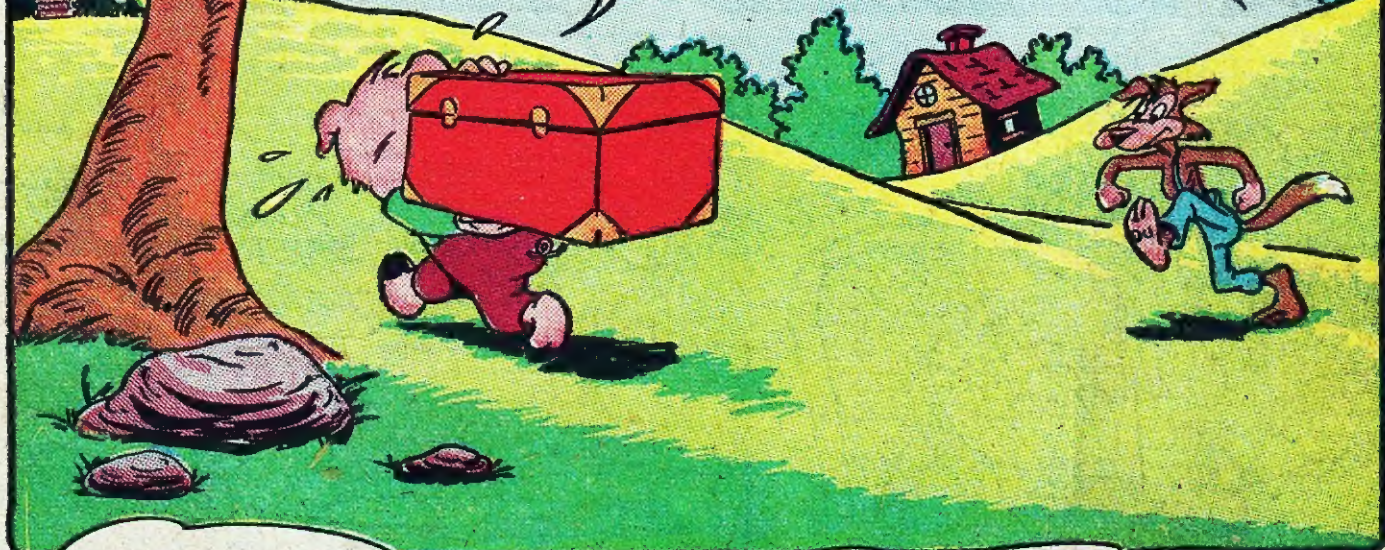
Competition for the 48
National High School Photo-
graphic Awards, totalling
\$3,500, opens on February
2nd. To enter your favorite
photographs, get the details
from your school camera
club, or your Kodak
dealer.

Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADE MARK

PETER PORKCHOPS

WOTTA JOB! AN' JUST TO
MAKE IT WORSE, HERE
COMES MY BIGGEST
ENEMY!



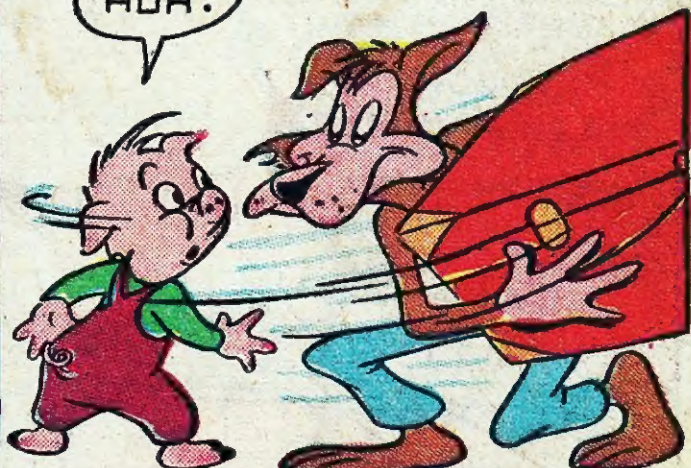
THIS IS HARD
WORK, BUB. SO
IF YOU'LL KINDLY
REFRAIN FROM
HECKLING ME...

ON THE
CONTRARY...



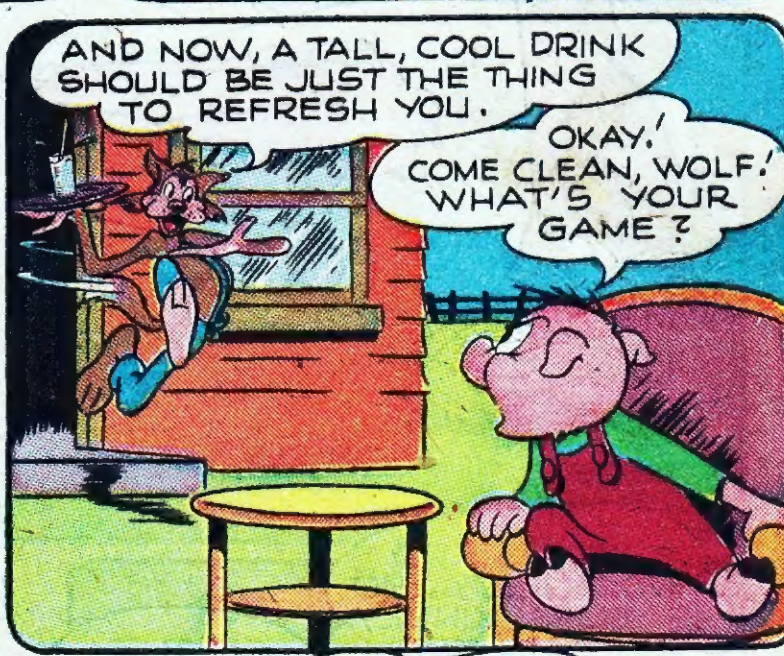
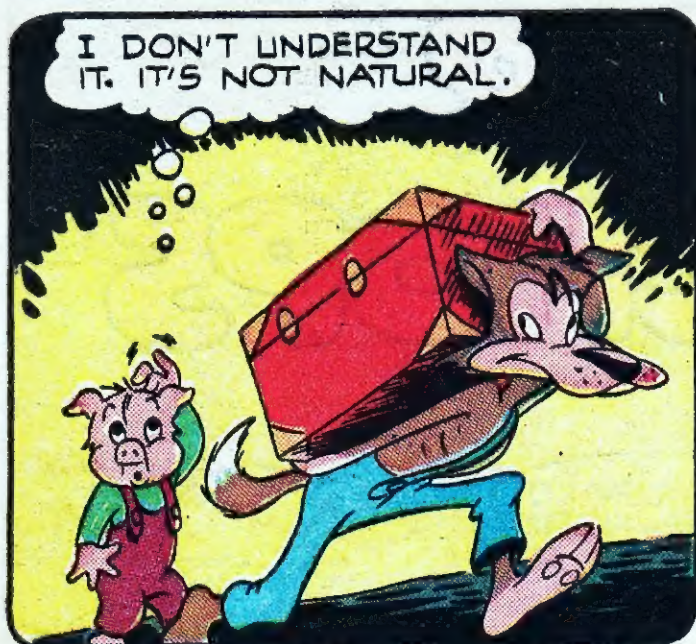
I WISH TO HELP YOU!

HUH?



LEADING COMICS, No. 30. April-May, 1948. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Feb. 13, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A.

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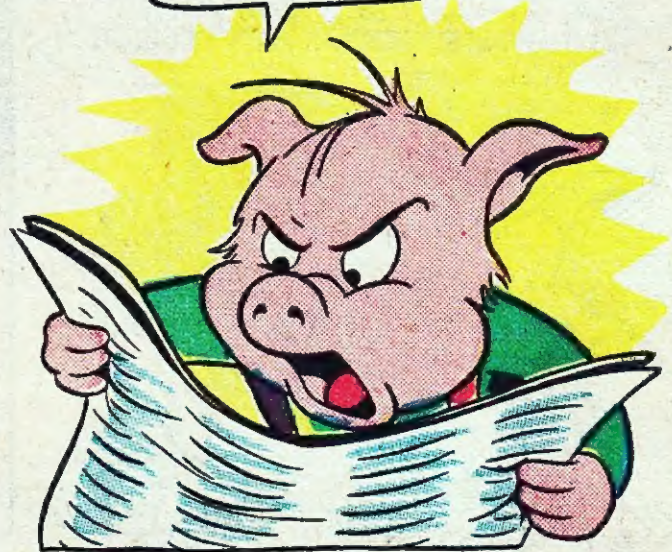


THAT EVENING...

SUCH A DELIGHTFUL DAY. NOW TO LOOK AT THE PAPER, AND...

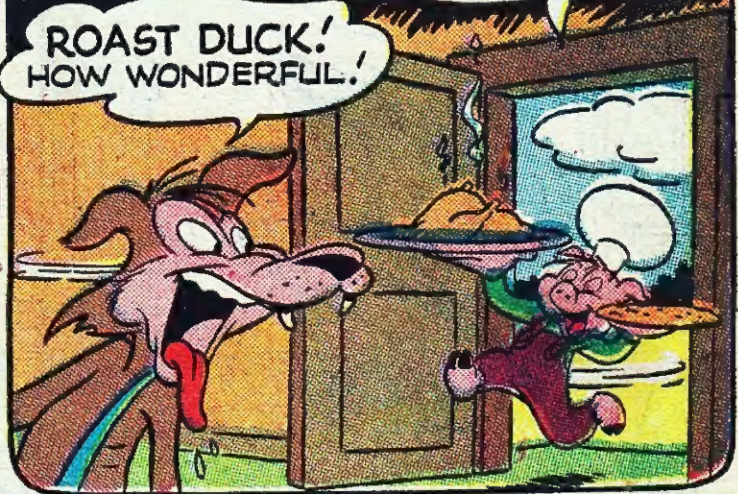


THAT DOUBLECROSSER!



SOON... GREETINGS, WOLFIE OL' PAL. JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE!

ROAST DUCK!
HOW WONDERFUL!



ALSO A CRANBERRY PIE FOR DESERT. BAKED IT MYSELF!

SLURP, SLURP.
THIS IS CERTAINLY
TRUE FRIENDSHIP!



WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED
SOMETHING. I REFUSE TO
EAT ANOTHER BITE!



WON'T EAT MY COOKING, EH?
I SHALL IMMEDIATELY INFORM
THE COMMITTEE OF YOUR
UNFRIENDLY ATTITUDE!



SOME PREDICAMENT! IF I
EAT THE PIES, HE'S A TRUE
FRIEND... AN' IF I DON'T...
I'M NOT!



AH! I KNOW HOW I KIN
EAT THE SWEETS AN' GET
THE CREDIT AT THE
SAME TIME!



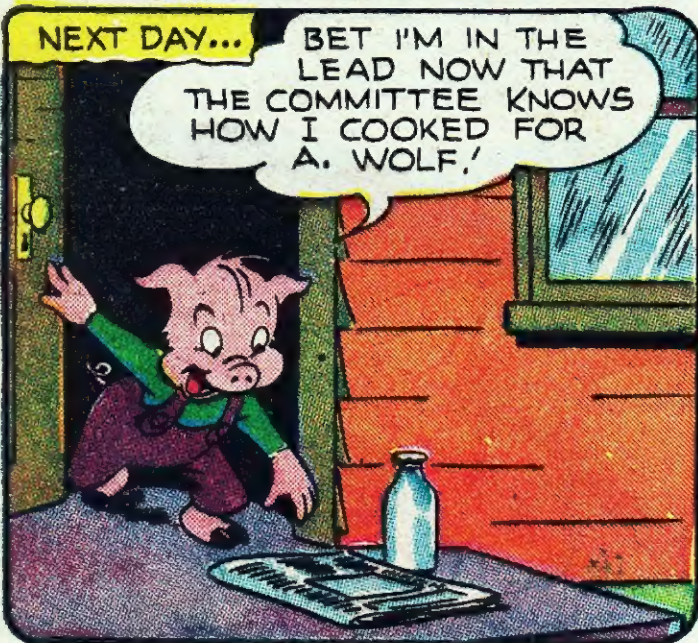
BRING ON THE PIE, MY BOY. I
WILL BE DELIGHTED TO CONSUME IT
DOWN TO THE LAST MORSEL!



FINE! WAIT'LL
THE COMMITTEE
HEARS ABOUT
THIS!

NEXT DAY...

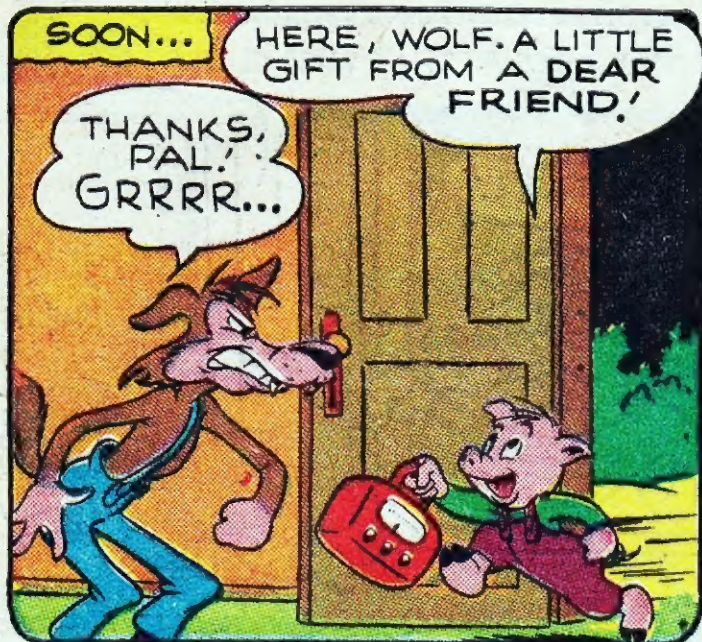
BET I'M IN THE
LEAD NOW THAT
THE COMMITTEE KNOWS
HOW I COOKED FOR
A. WOLF!

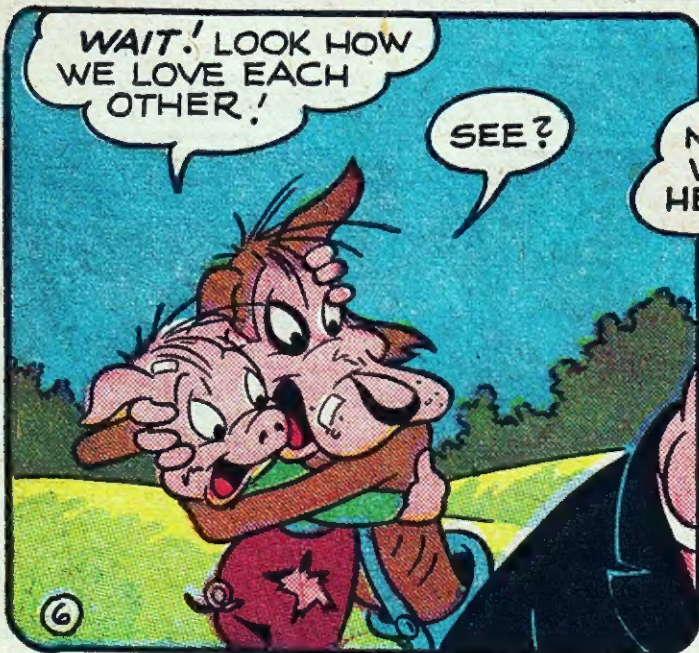
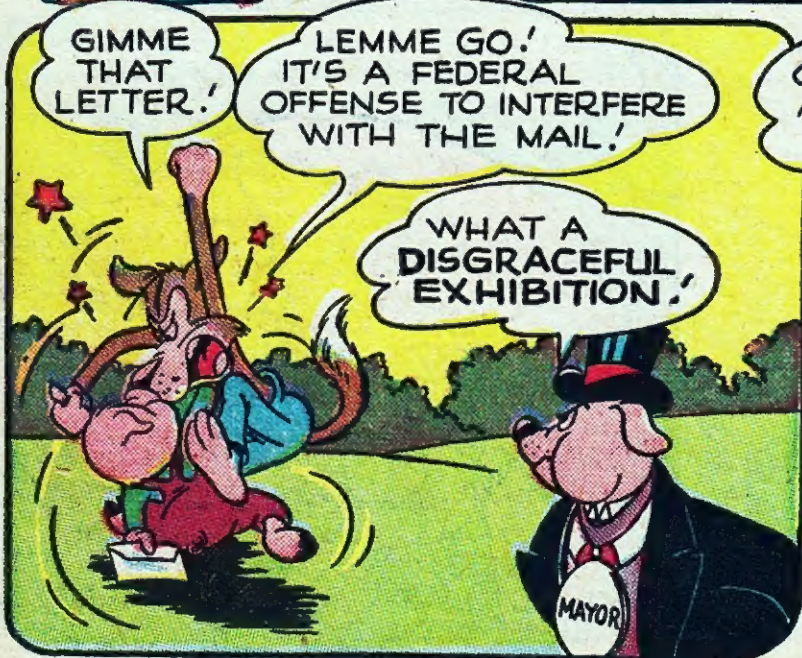
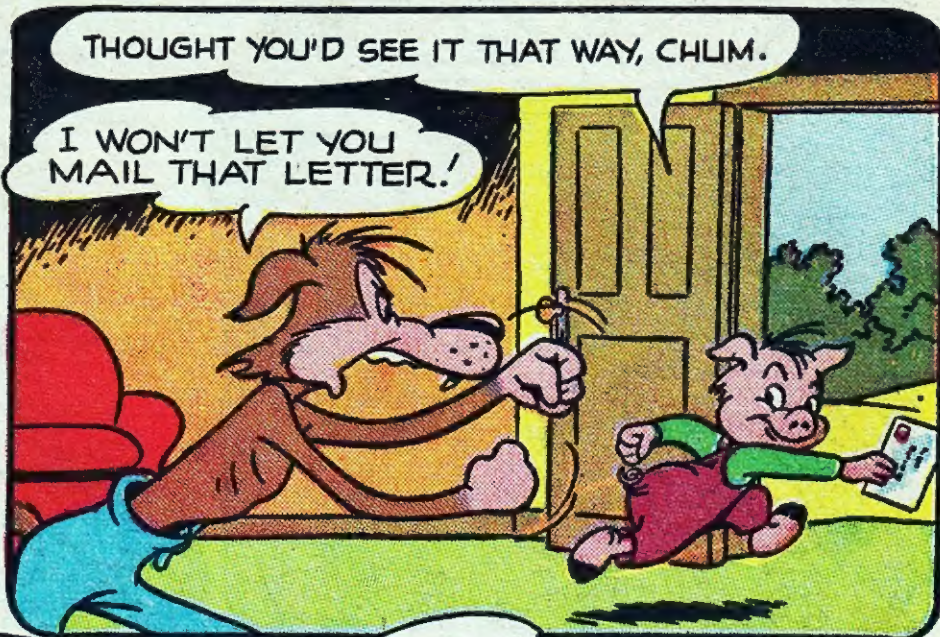


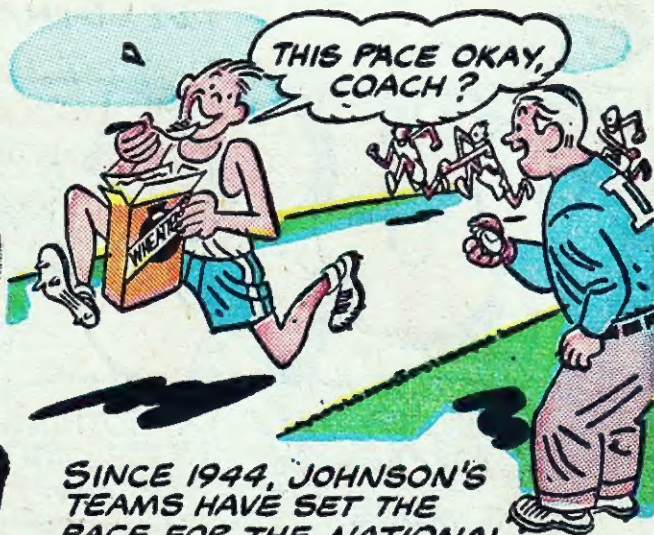
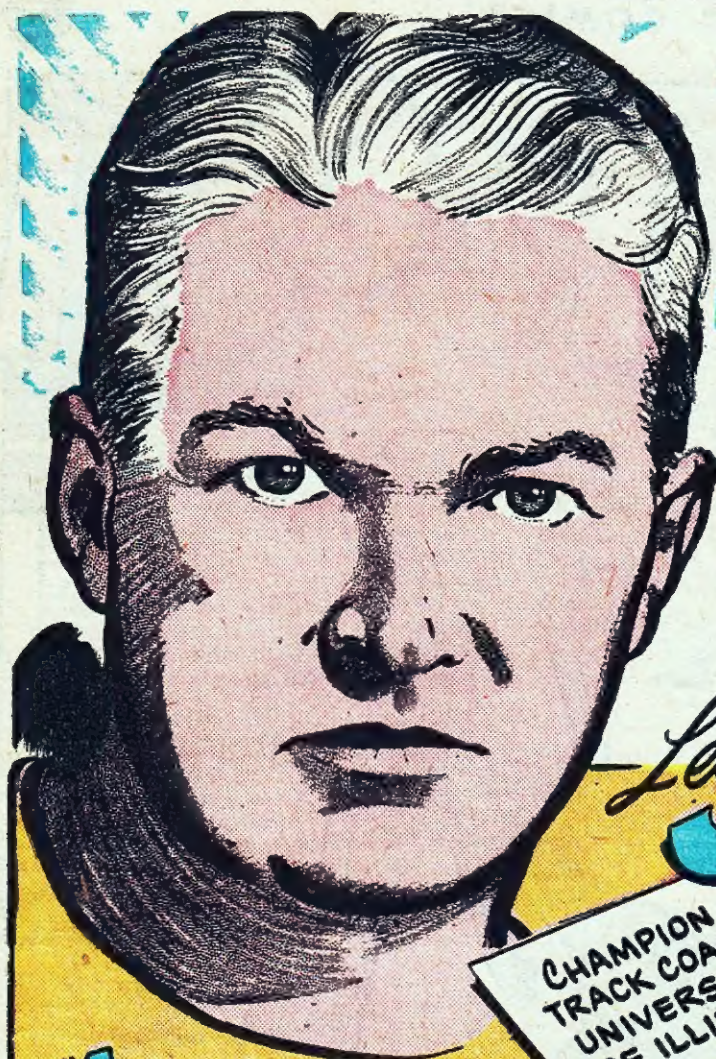
WHA... I'LL FIX
HIM!



THE DAILY HOG CALLS
A. WOLF STILL LEADS.
EATS PAL'S BAD
COOKING RATHER THAN
HURT HIS FEELINGS







SINCE 1944, JOHNSON'S TEAMS HAVE SET THE PACE FOR THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS. THE ILLINI CLAIMED TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1944, 1946, AND 1947 -- THEY PLACED A CLOSE SECOND IN 1945

Leo
JOHNSON

CHAMPION
TRACK COACH
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

A POPULAR TRAINING DISH WITH ME -- AND WITH A LOT OF MY TRACK STARS -- IS WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WITH MILK AND FRUIT. WHEATIES ARE SWELL FOR BOTH FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT," SAYS LEO JOHNSON. "I RECOMMEND THEM TO ANY BOY OR GIRL WHO WANTS TO BUILD A STRONG, HEALTHY BODY"

JOHNSON COACHED HIS TEAM TO A TRIPLE CHAMPIONSHIP IN BOTH 1946 AND 1947. ILLINOIS ANNEXED (1) BIG NINE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (2) BIG NINE OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (3) NATIONAL COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP



IT'S NOURISHING IT'S DELICIOUS IT'S WHEATIES!

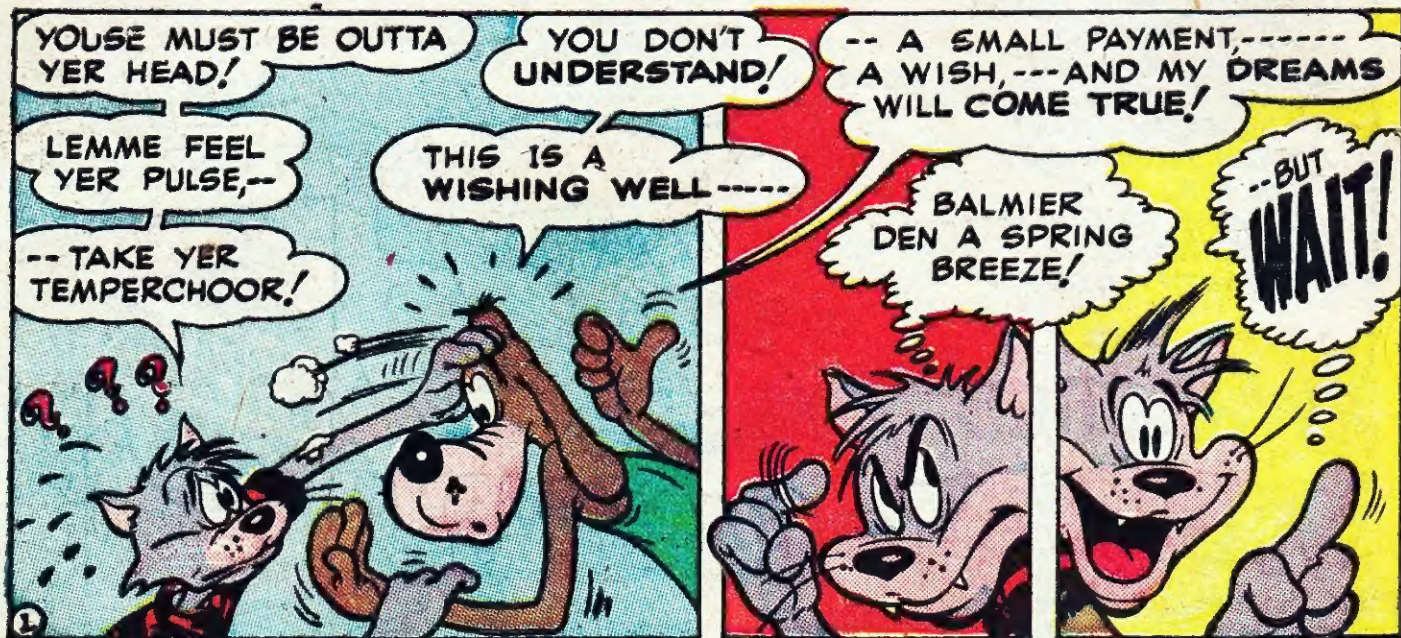


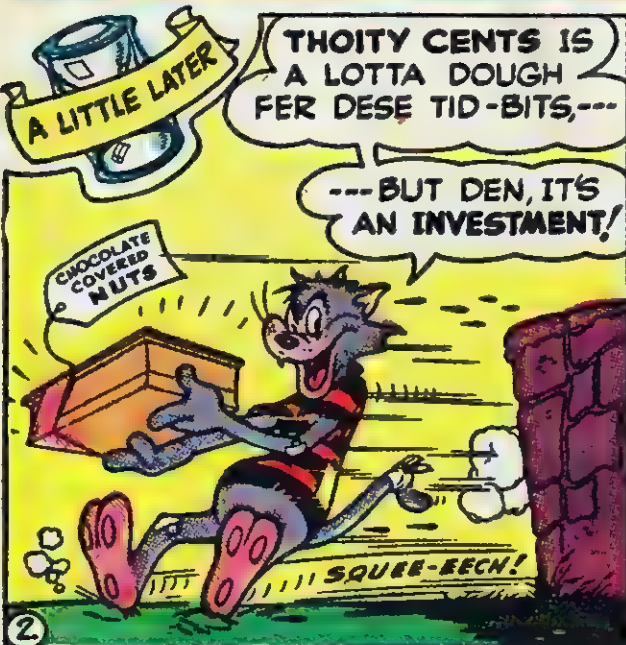
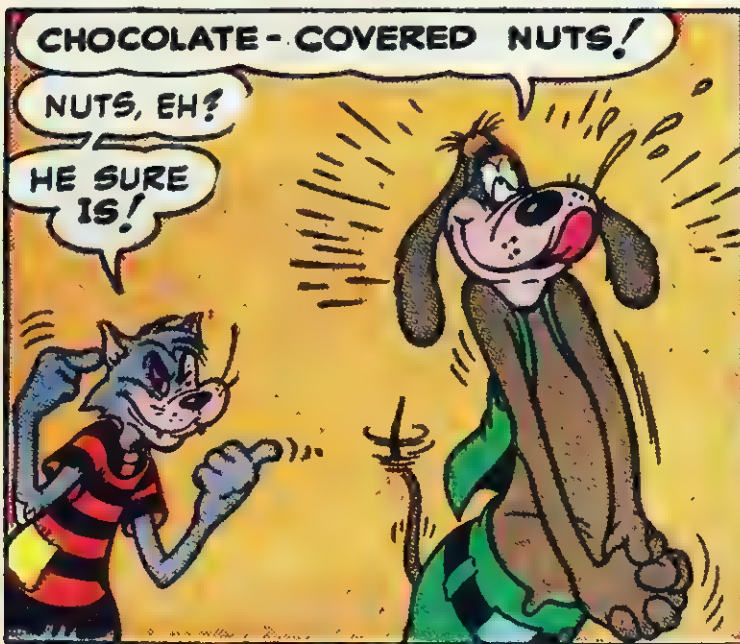
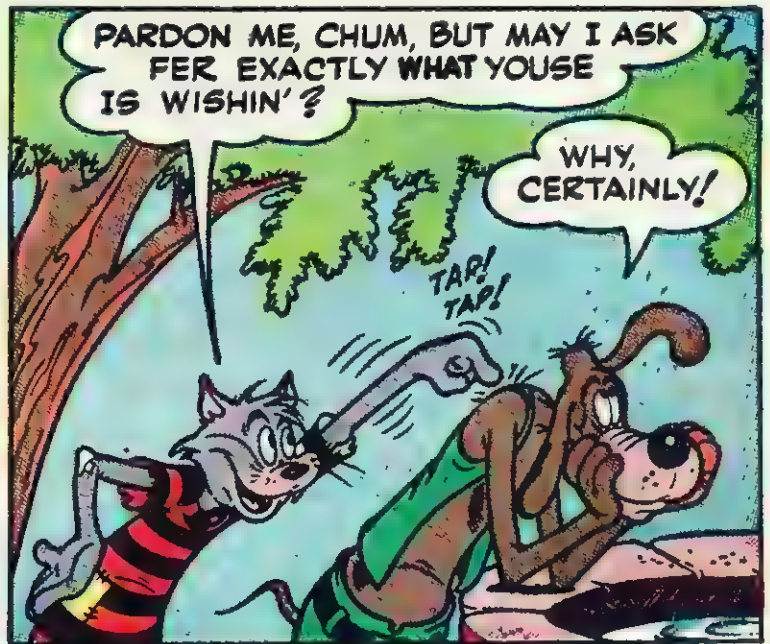
WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

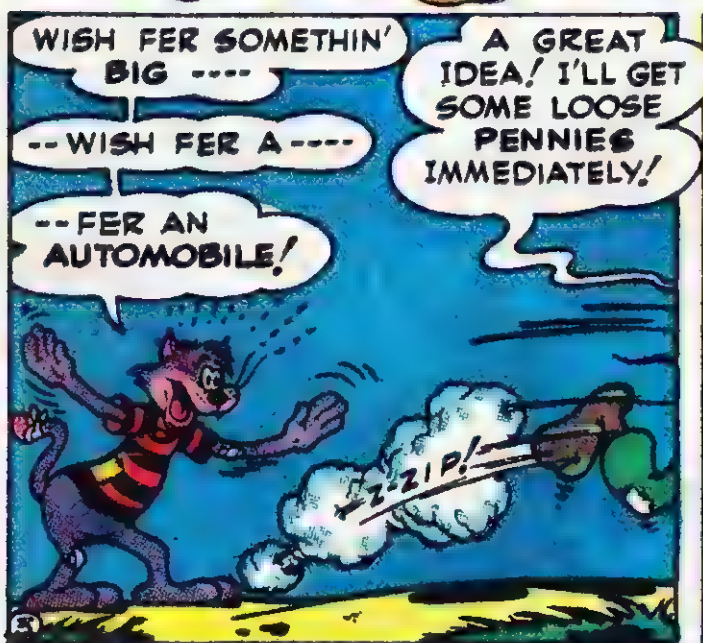
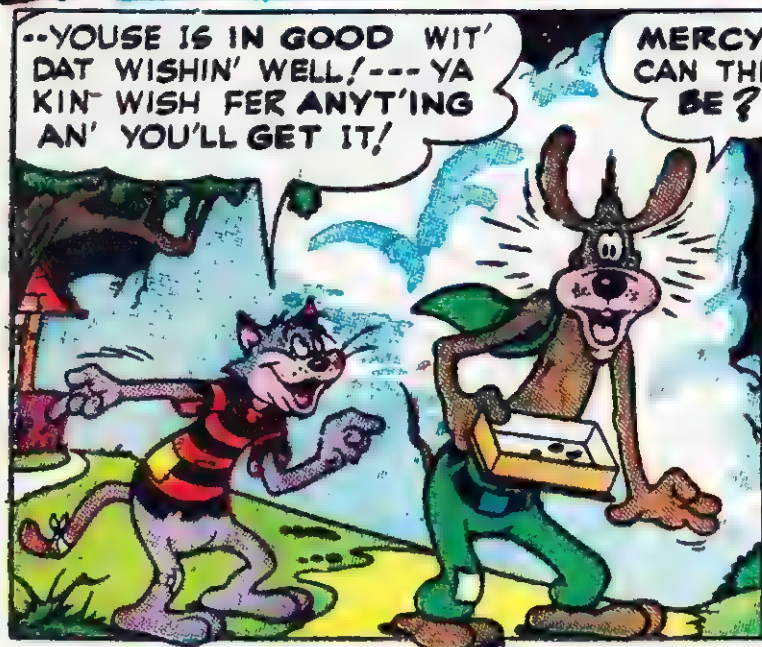
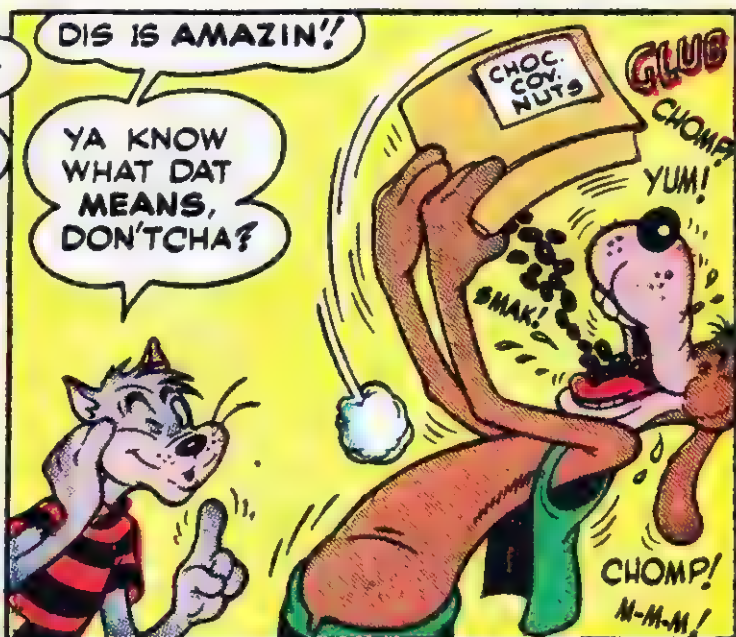
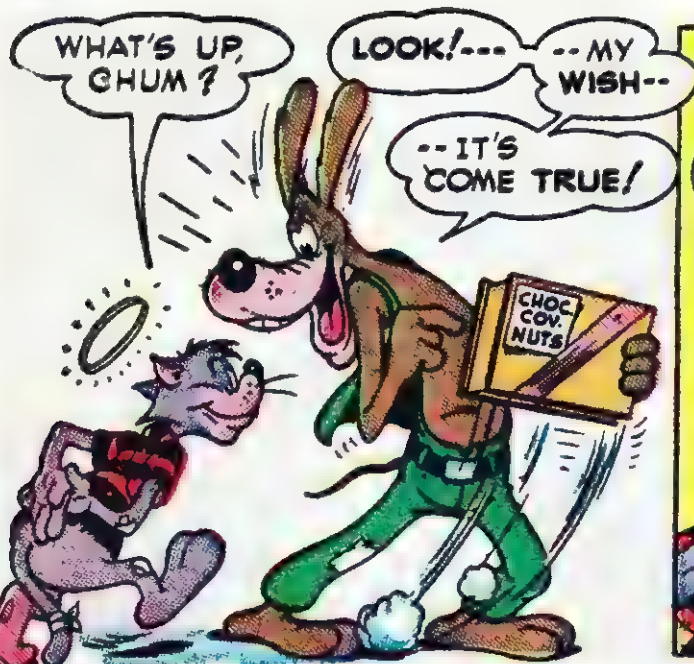


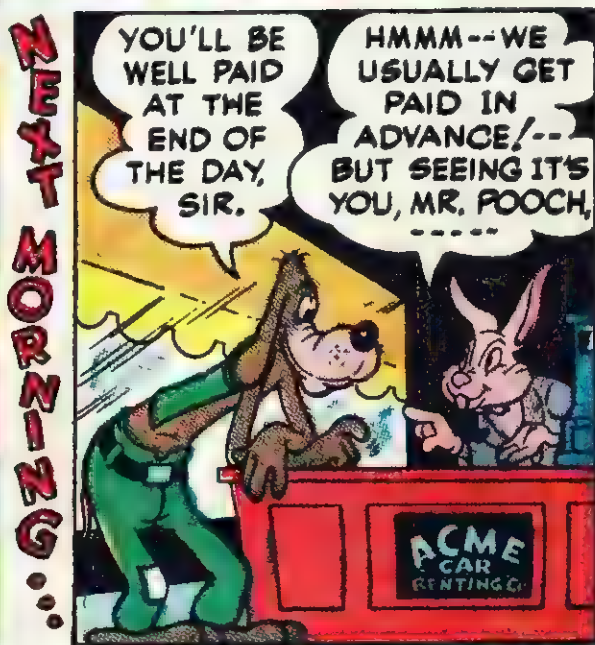
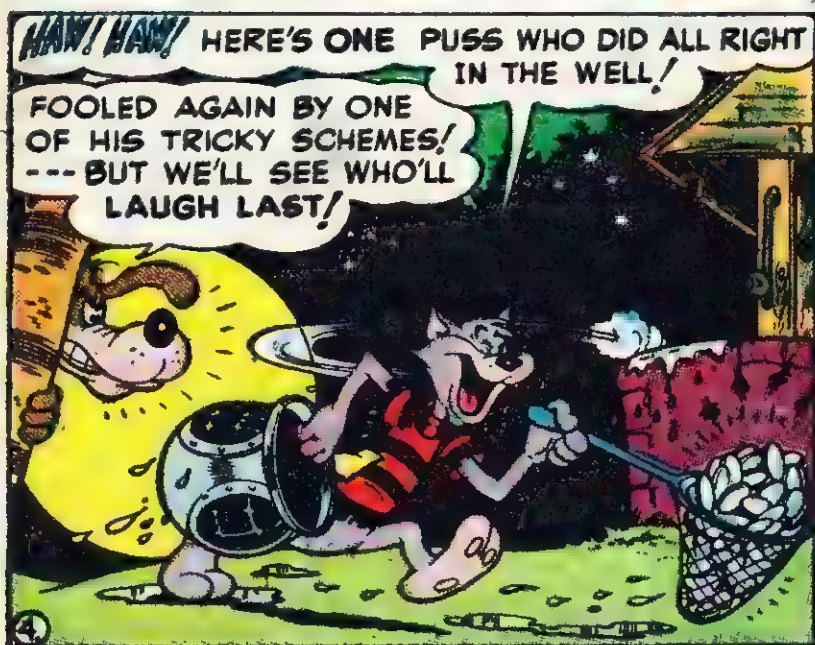
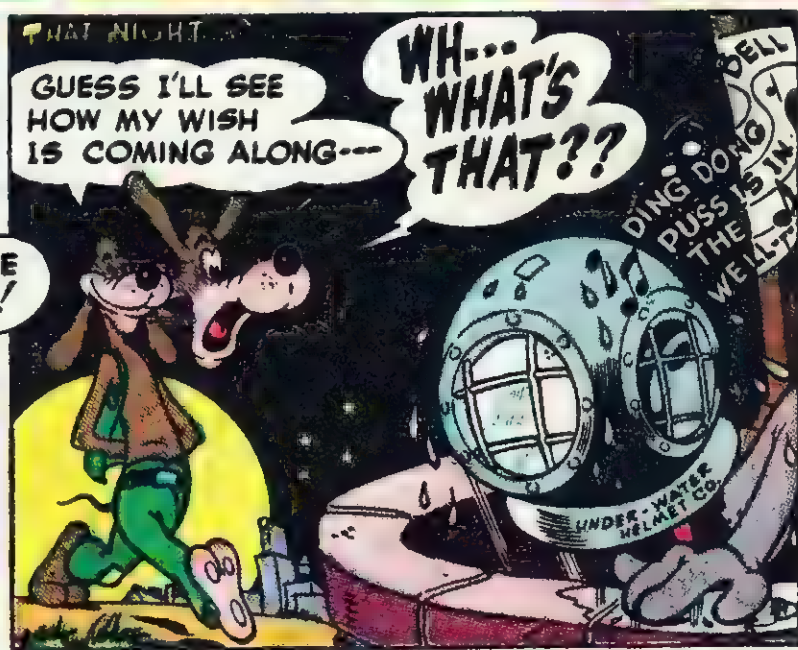
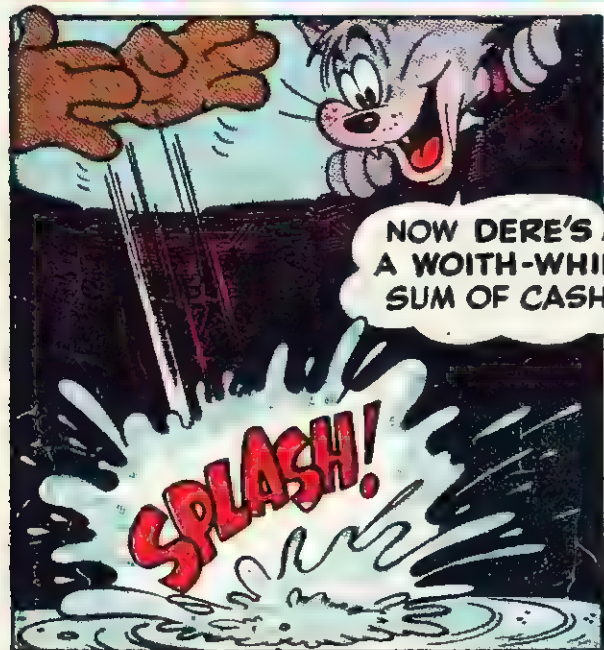
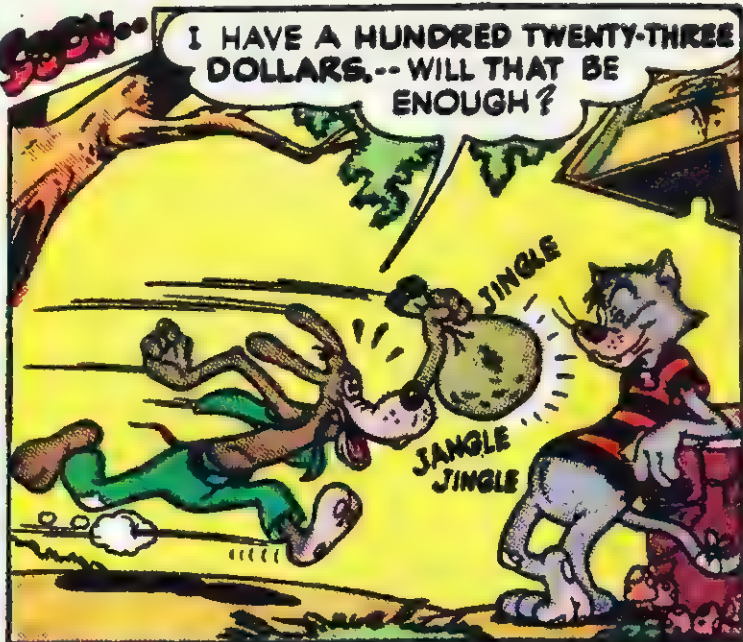


PUSS 'N POOCH

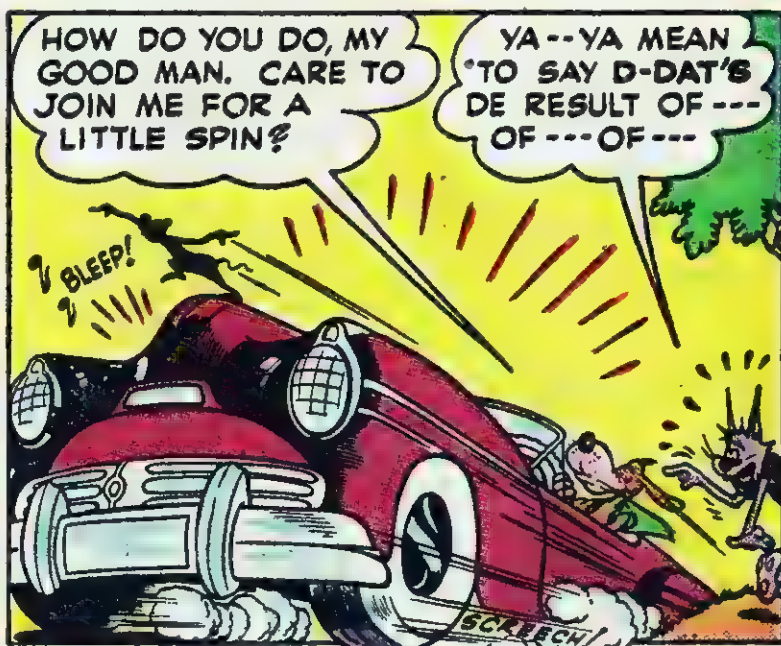


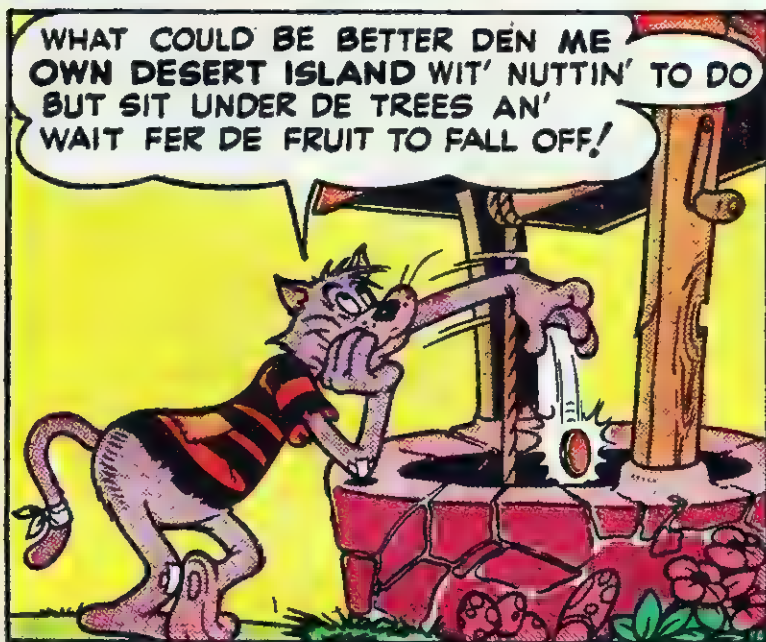
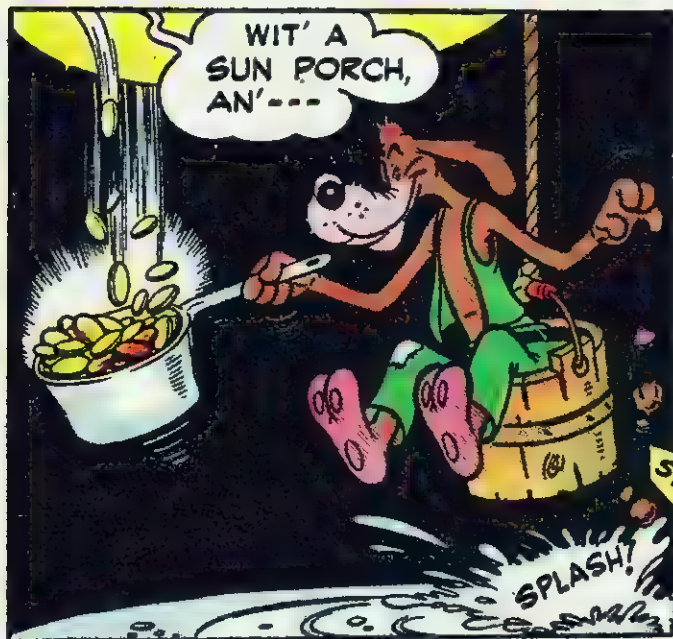


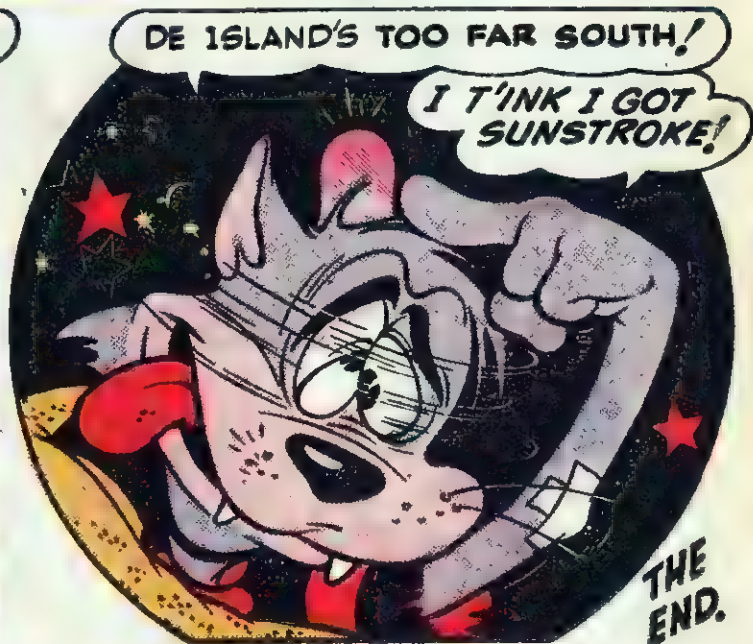
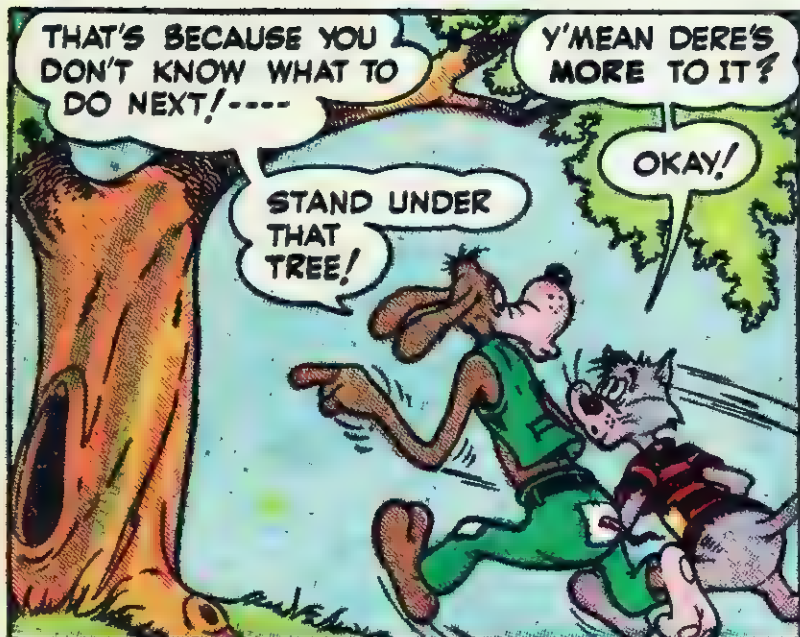




NEXT MORNING...







MYSTERY on the MOUNTAIN



Ray O'Vac Says:

"This is a true story from a letter in our files!"

© 1947—RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WIS.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



"Man, oh man, what a swell big buck! Careful! Don't let that one get away! Steady there, Dick... steady..."



"Isn't he a dandy! I'll tie his legs with this rope. Long trip down to the car, but we can take turns toting him."



"Say, I left my flashlight up there! Had my hands full when I saw it, then forgot. Too far to go back up there now."



"Isn't this just about the place where we got that big buck last fall? Wonder if we could find my old flashlight."



"By golly, here it is! Too big for the pack rats to carry away, I guess. Not much chance of it being any good now."



"Look! It works! Imagine—after all last winter's snow and cold, and the rain, and all summer in the sun!"



"Mystery's solved! Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof batteries! The ones that are sealed in steel. That's why they stay fresh so long."



"And read the guarantee on each Ray-O-Vac. If they ever swell or stick, damaging your flashlight, you get a new flashlight free!"

Only RAY-O-VAC
makes batteries
this way



Powerful battery



add steel bottom



add steel top



add insulation



add steel jacket



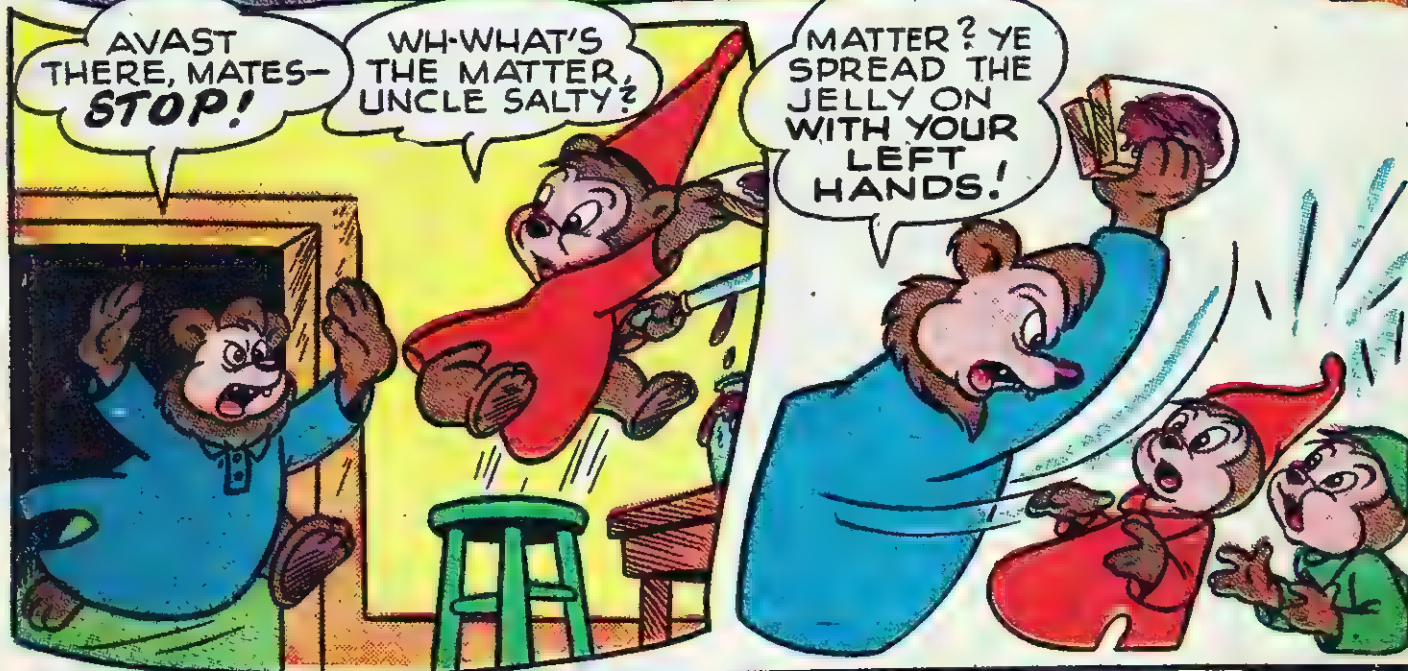
Ray-O-Vac

ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS



AAHH... WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN A PIECE OF BREAD AN' JELLY BEFORE GOIN' TO BED!?

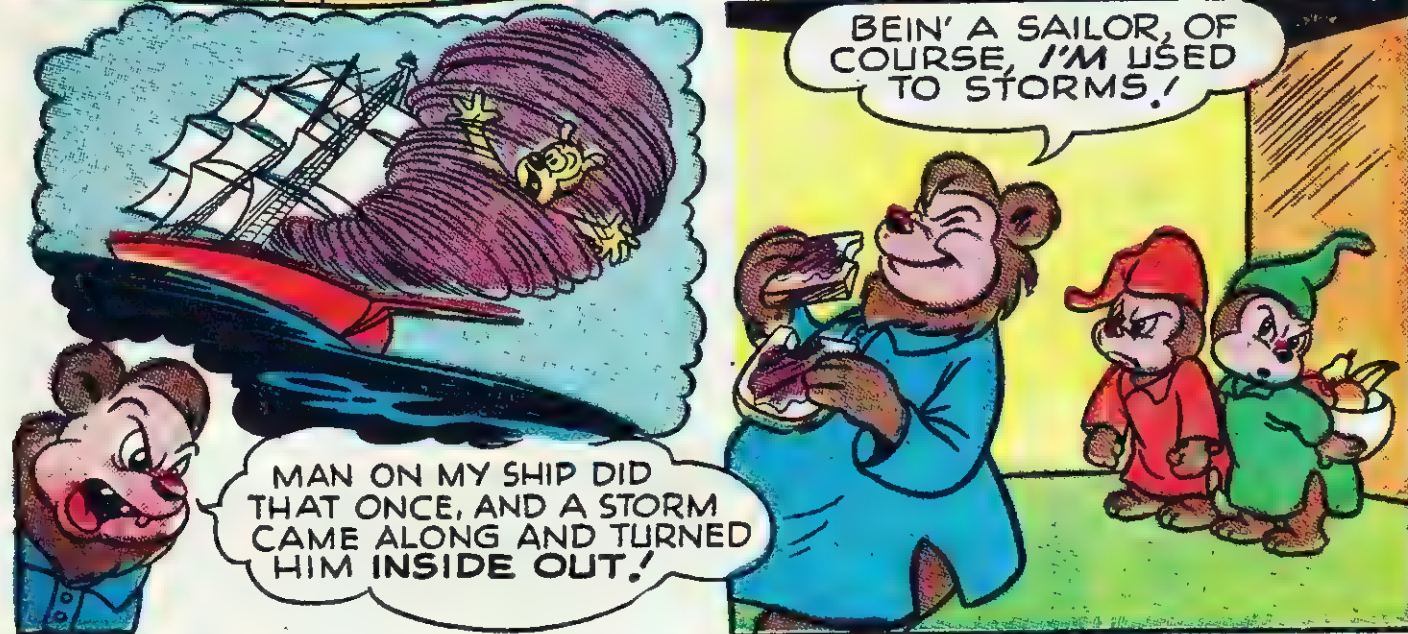
NOTHIN'— UNLESS IT'S TWO PIECES!



AVAST THERE, MATES— **STOP!**

WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER, UNCLE SALTY?

MATTER? YE SPREAD THE JELLY ON WITH YOUR LEFT HANDS!



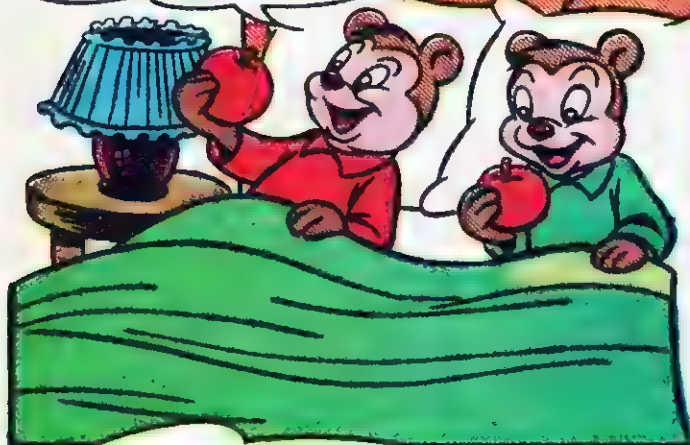
BEIN' A SAILOR, OF COURSE, I'M USED TO STORMS!

MAN ON MY SHIP DID THAT ONCE, AND A STORM CAME ALONG AND TURNED HIM INSIDE OUT!

MOMENTS LATER...

WELL, AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY—

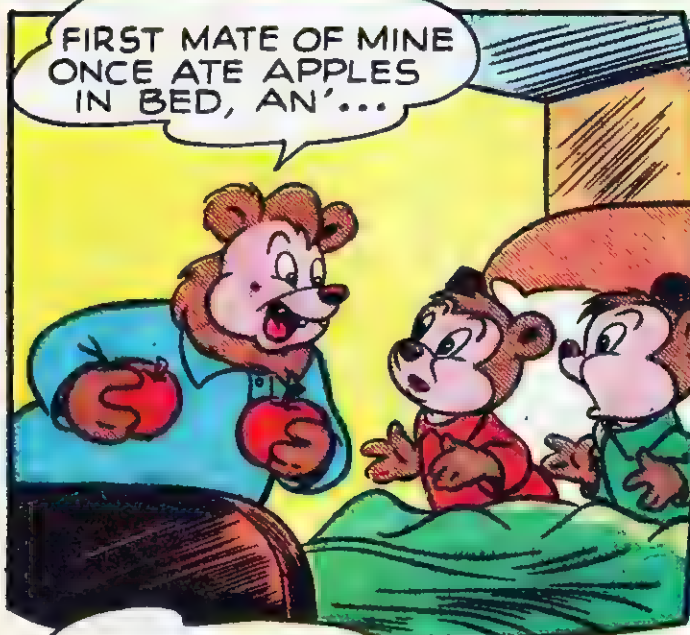
JUST LET IT KEEP UNCLE SALTY AWAY! THAT'S ALL I ASK!



BLOW ME DOWN, I WAS RIGHT! DON'T TAKE A BITE!



FIRST MATE OF MINE ONCE ATE APPLES IN BED, AN'...



"...AN OCTOPUS GOT HIM!"



IF THAT OLD SEA-WALRUS KEEPS THIS UP, WE'LL STARVE!

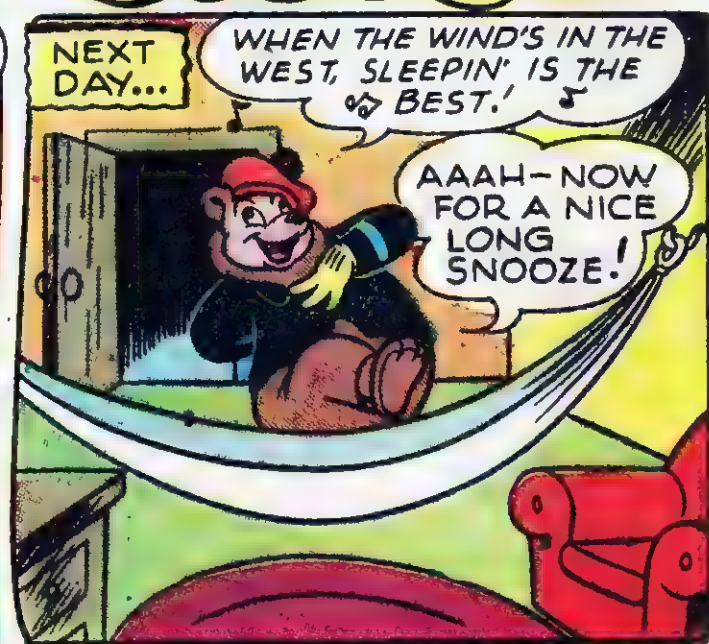
NOPE, I GOT A PLAN!

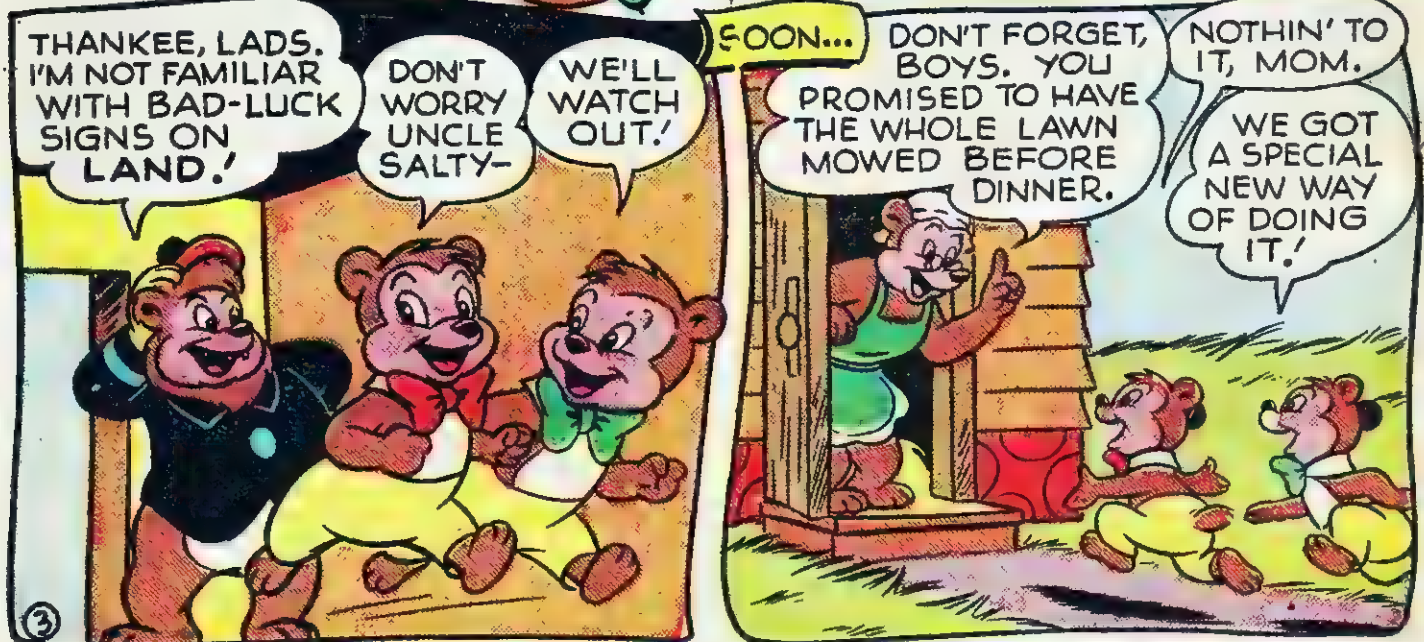
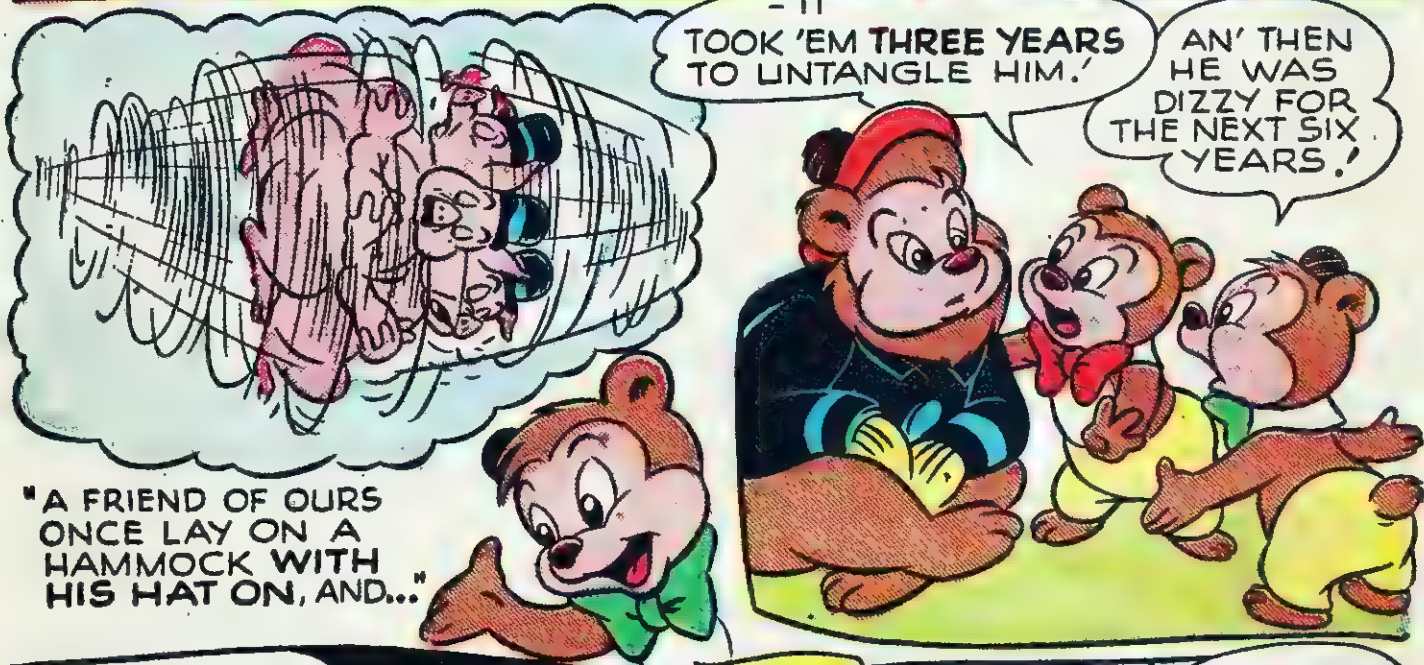
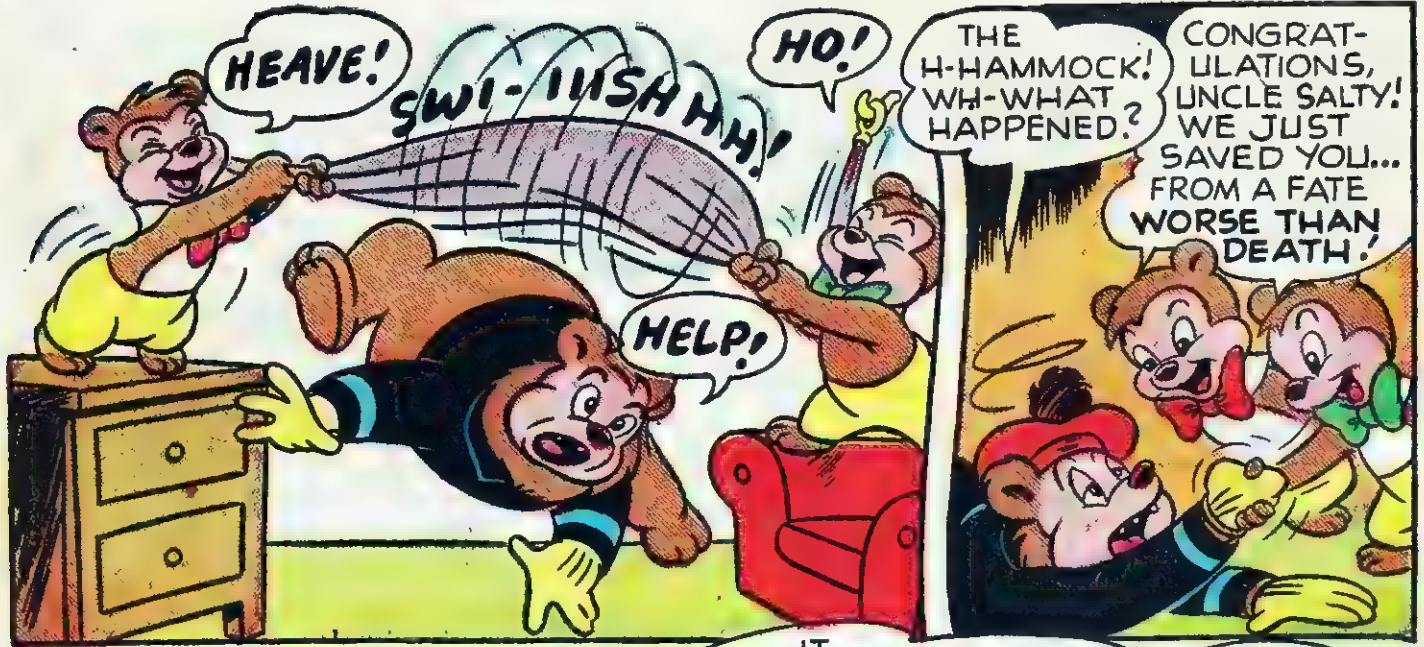


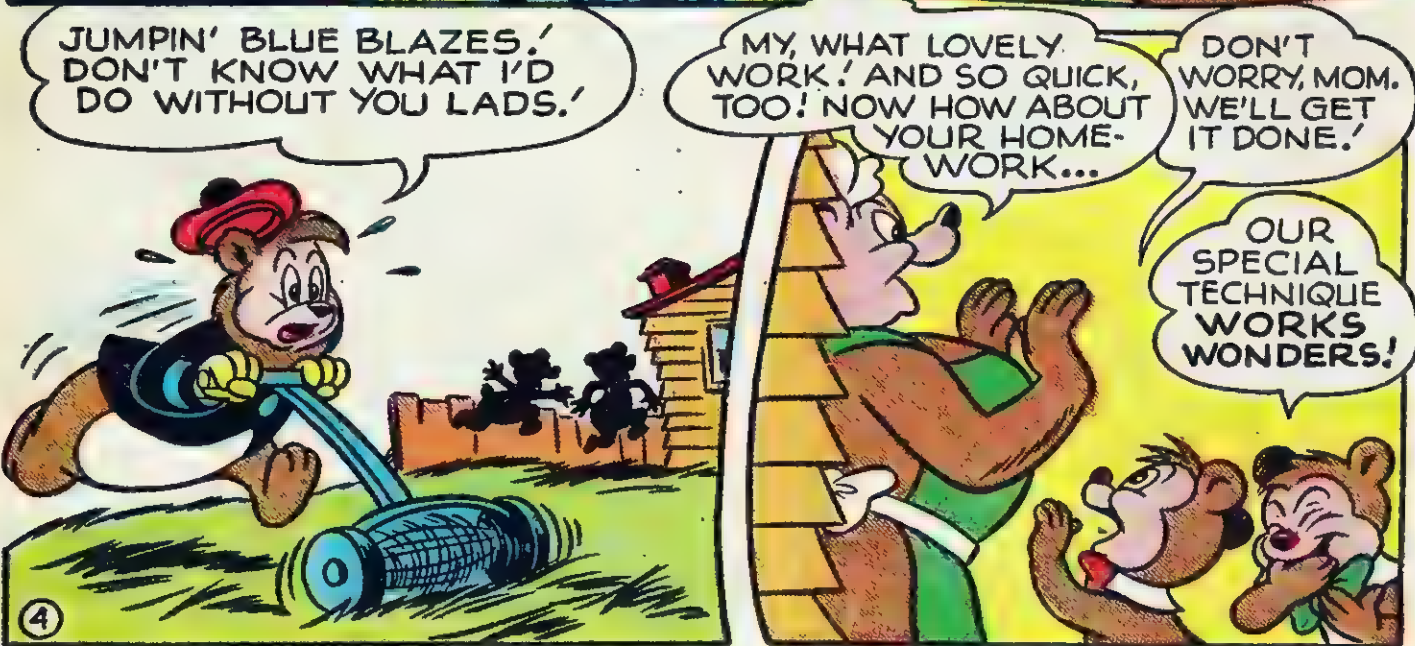
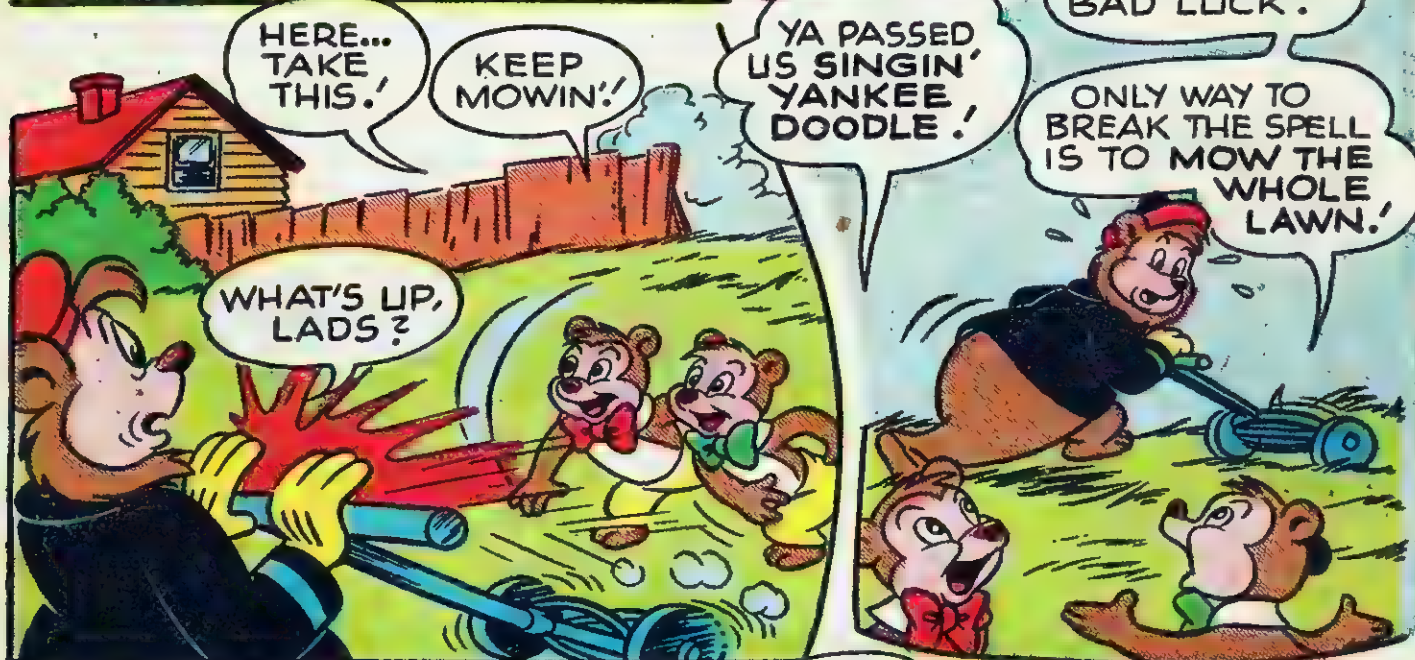
NEXT DAY...

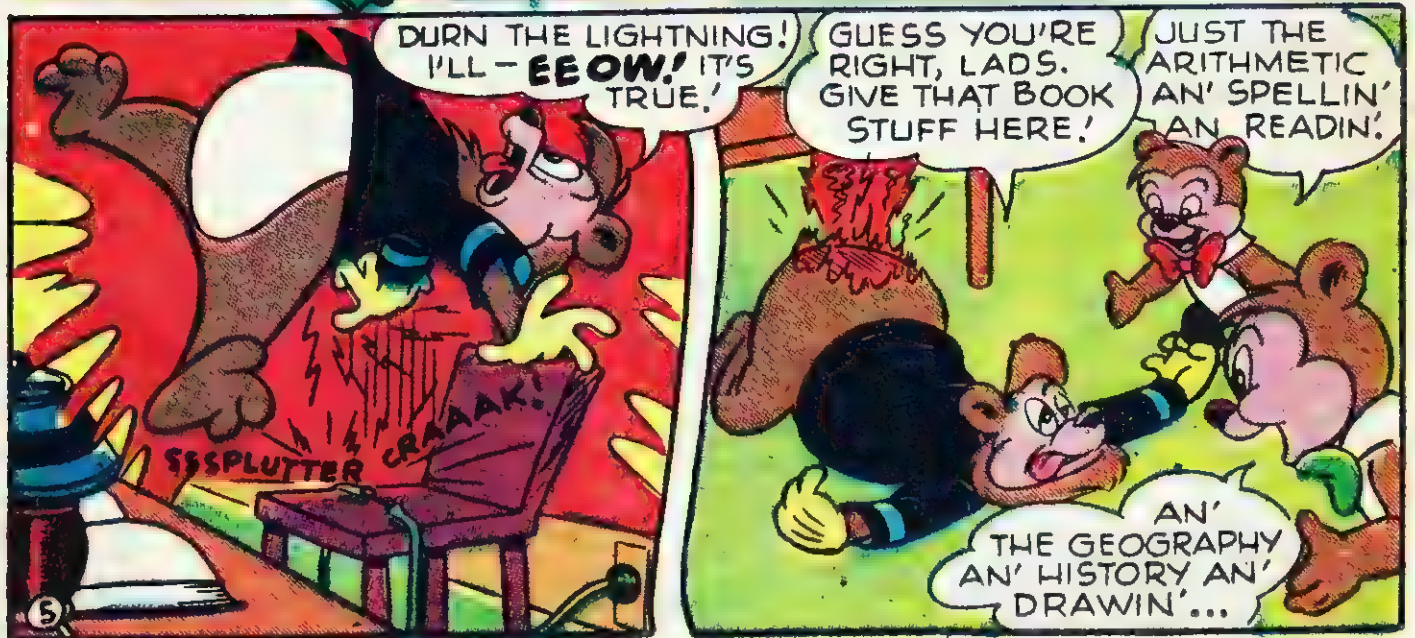
WHEN THE WIND'S IN THE WEST, SLEEPIN' IS THE BEST!

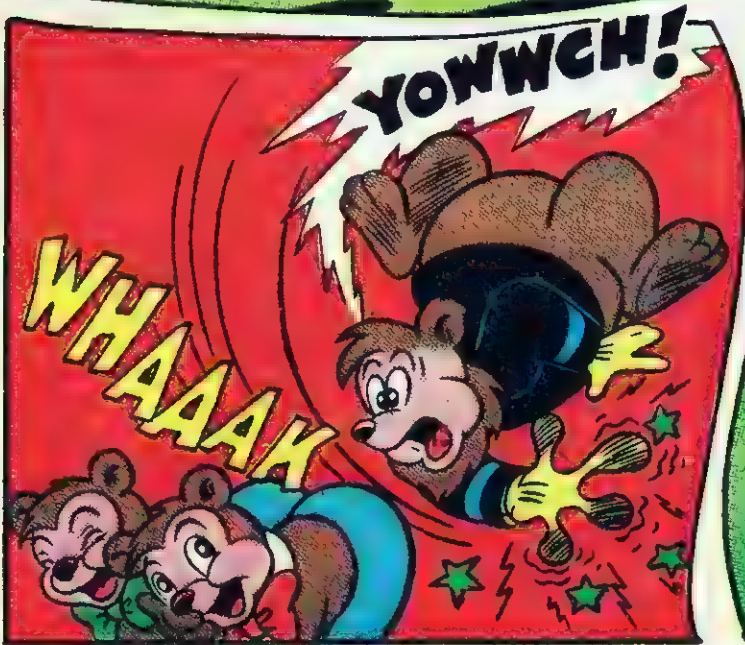
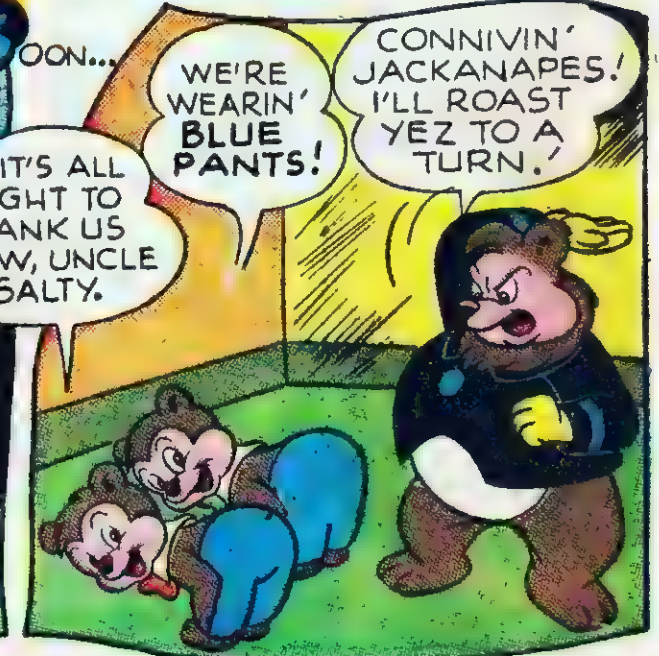
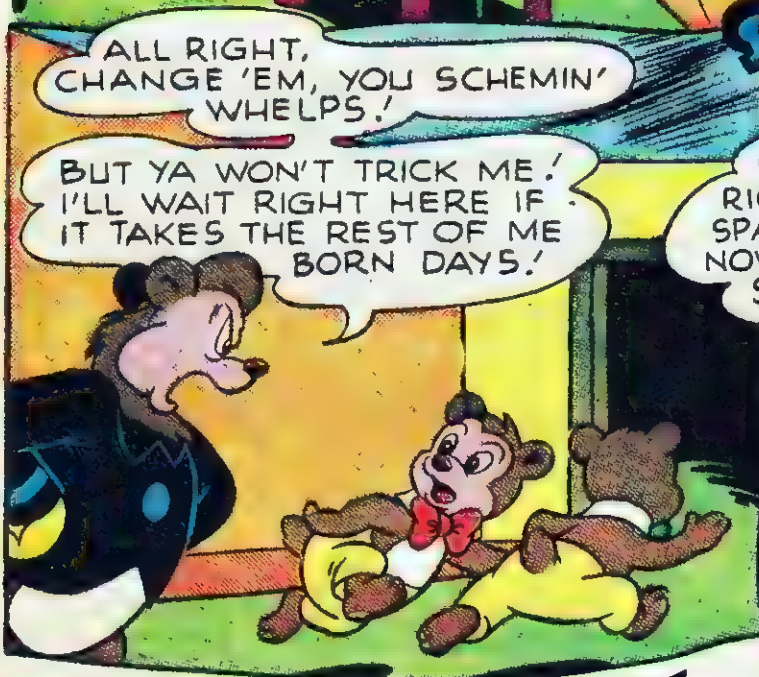
AAAH—NOW FOR A NICE LONG SNOOZE!





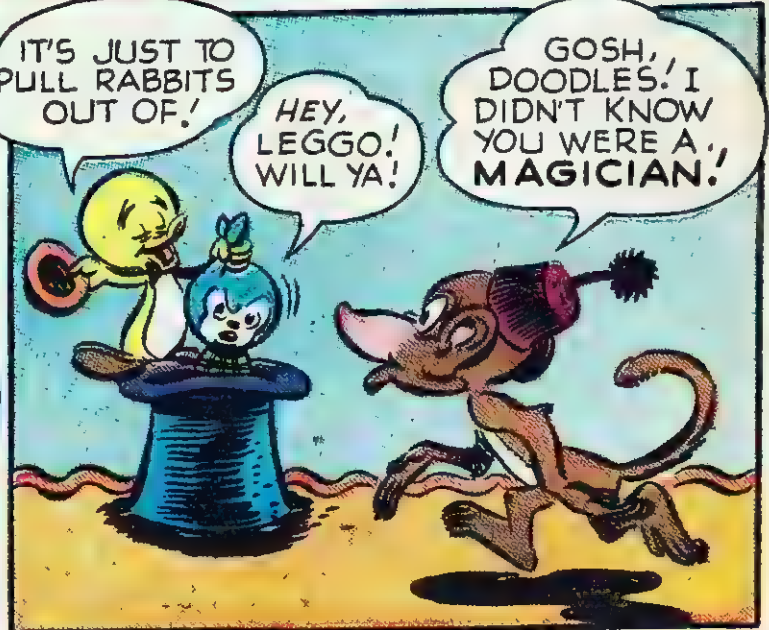
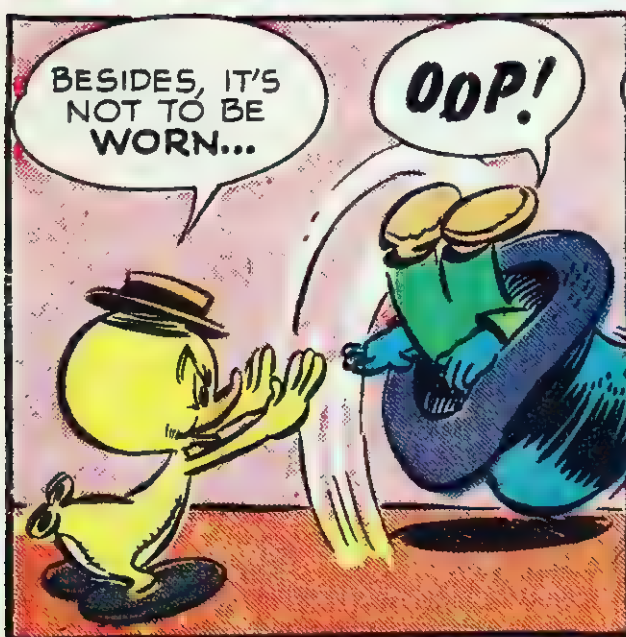
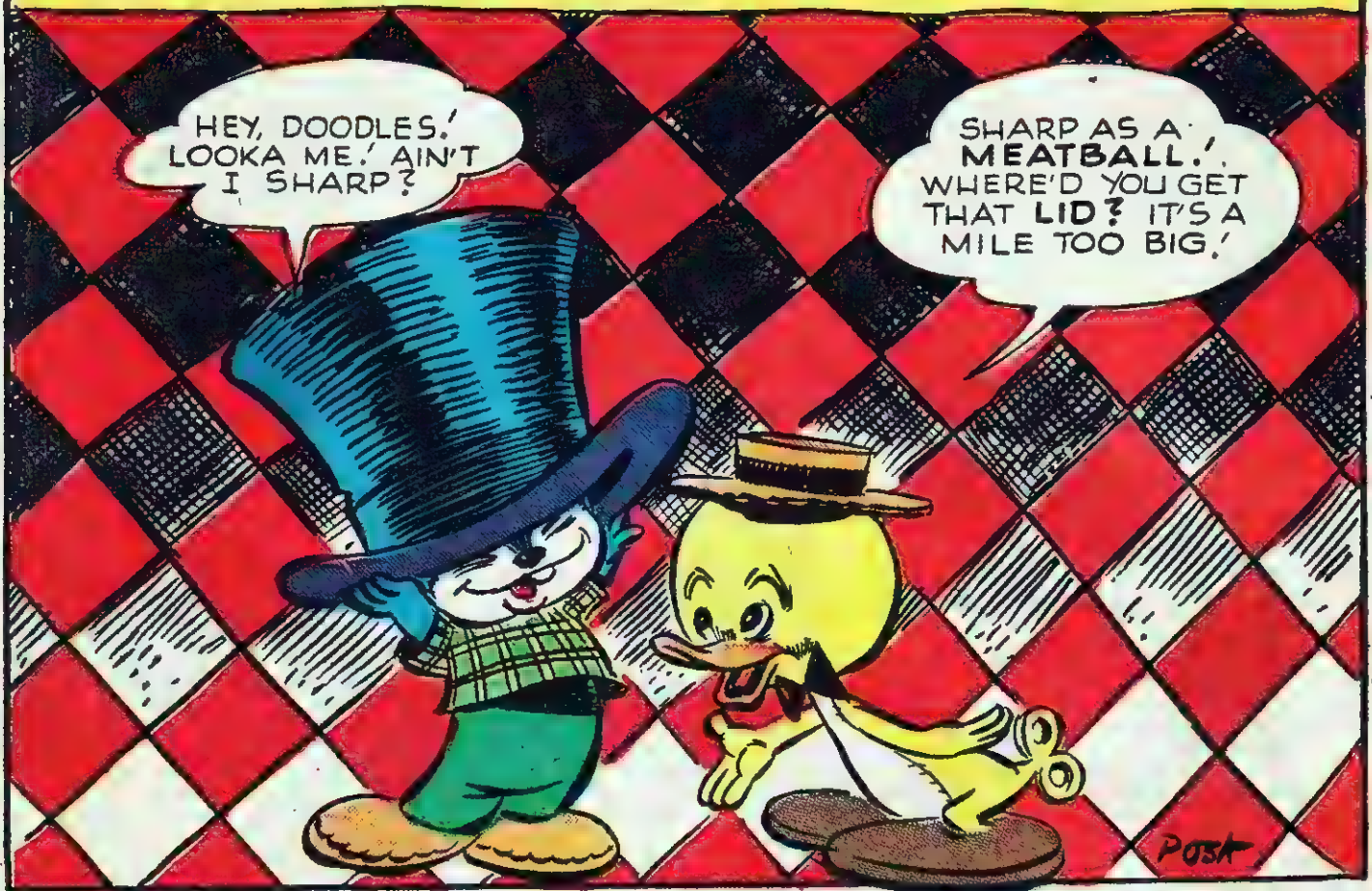


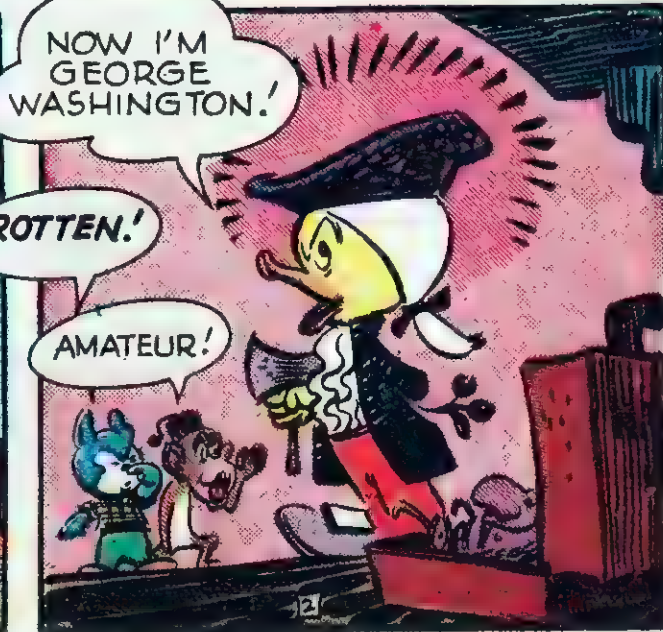
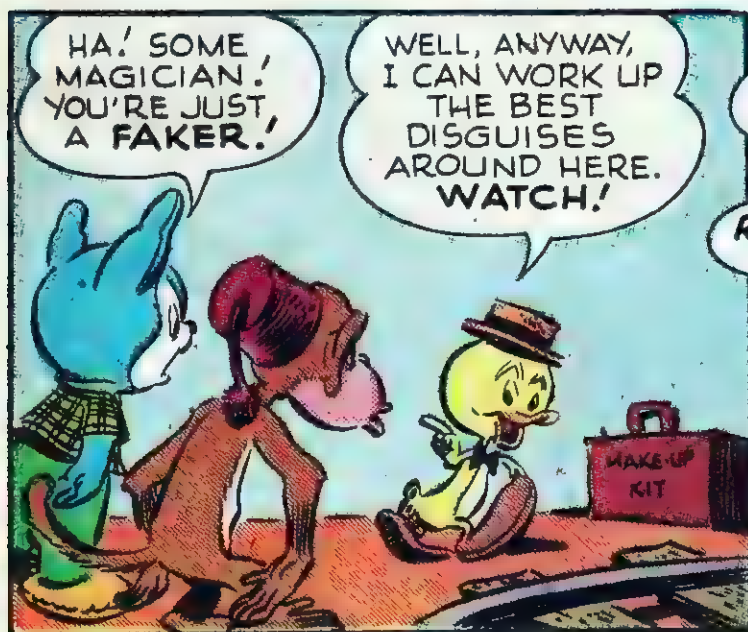
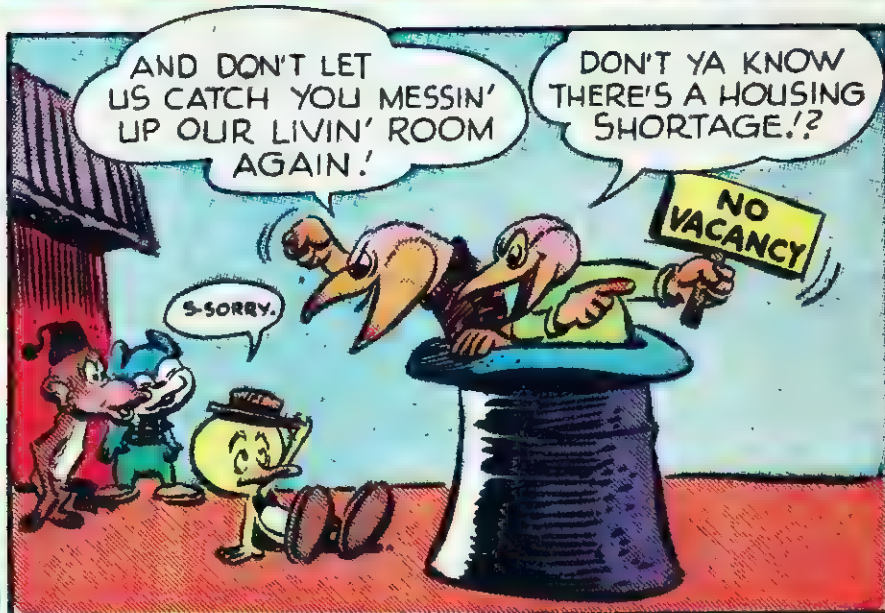
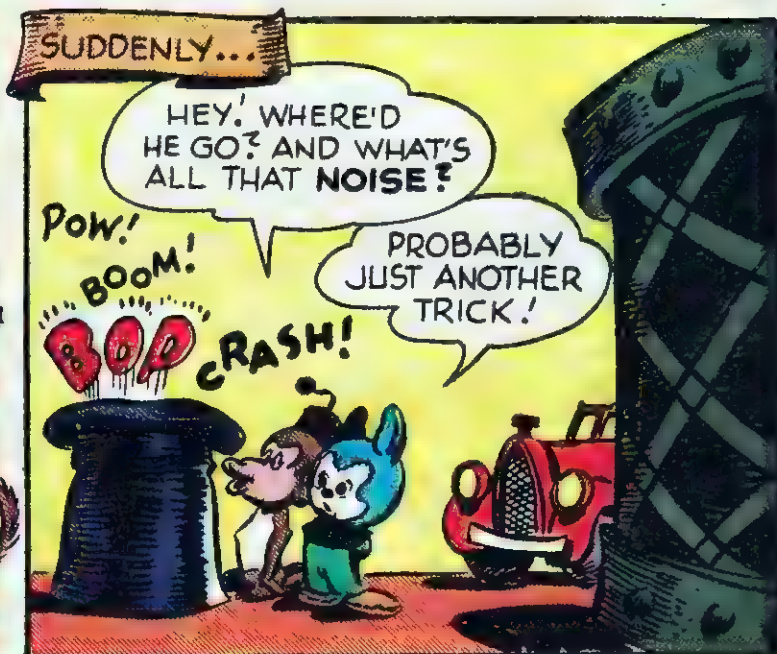
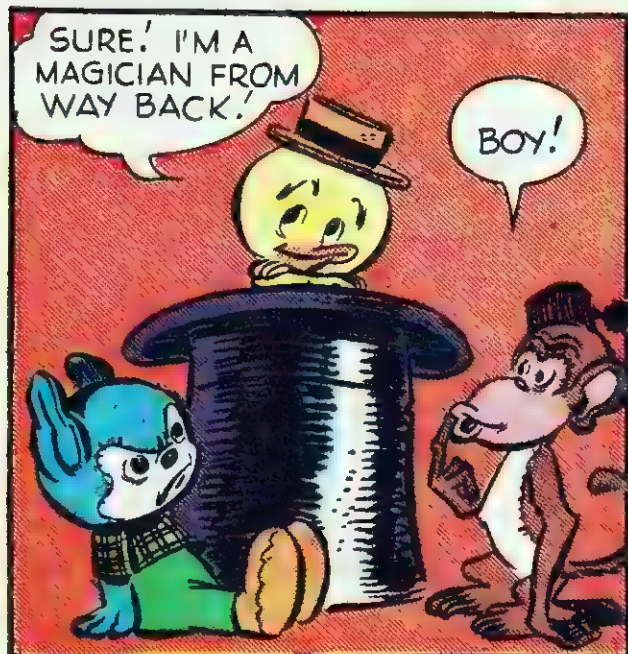


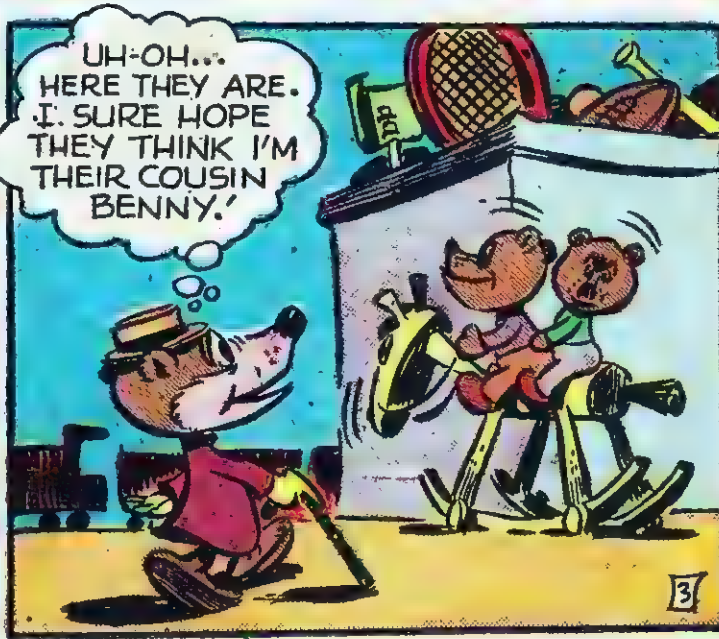
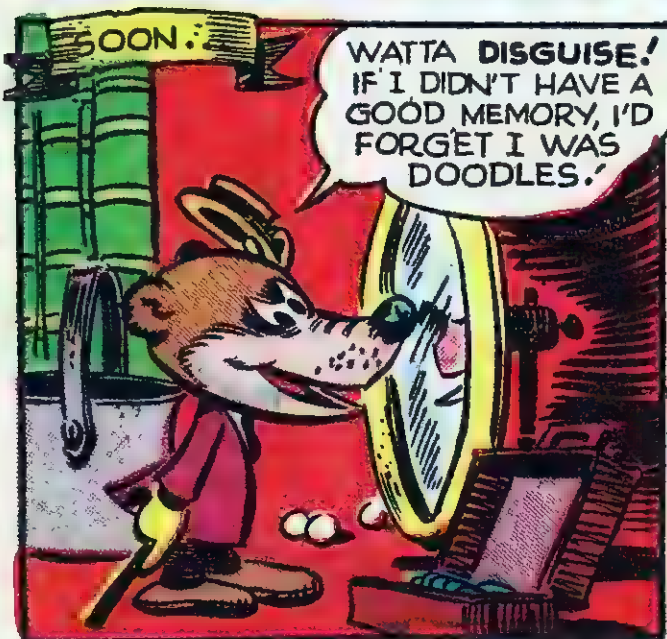
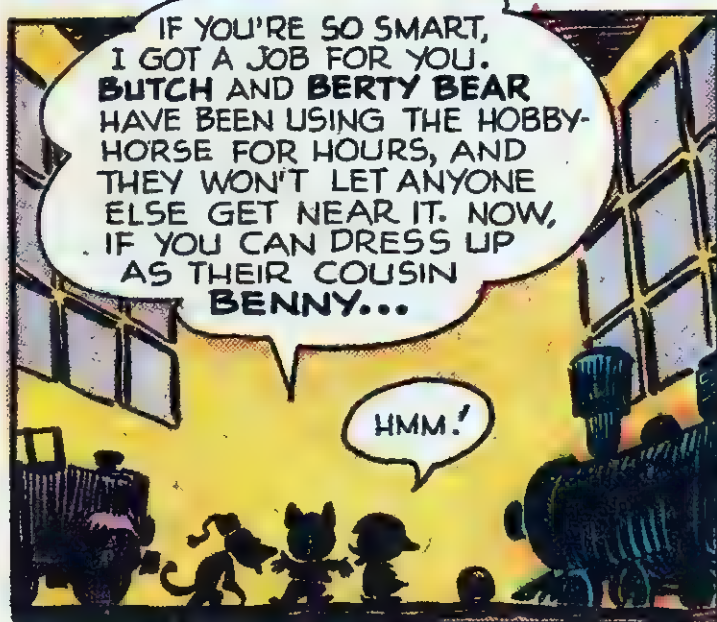
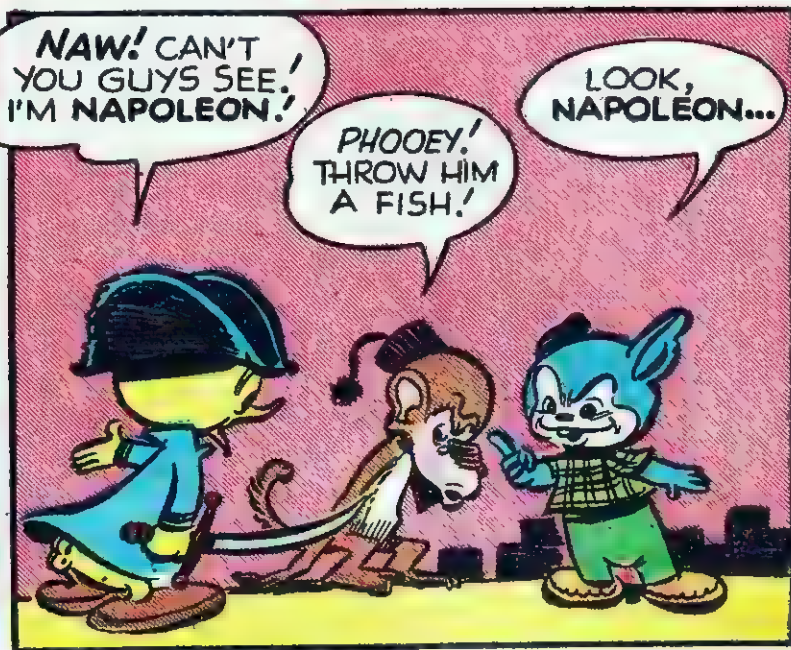


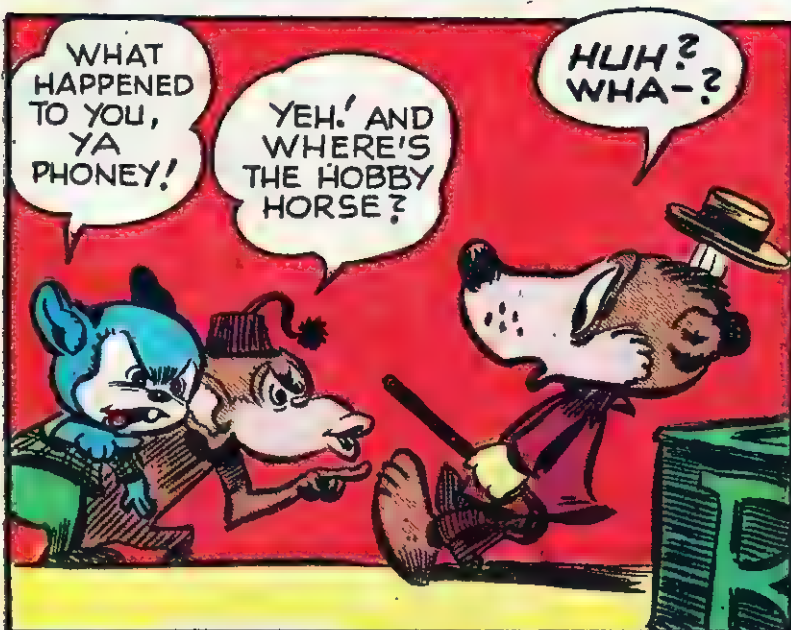
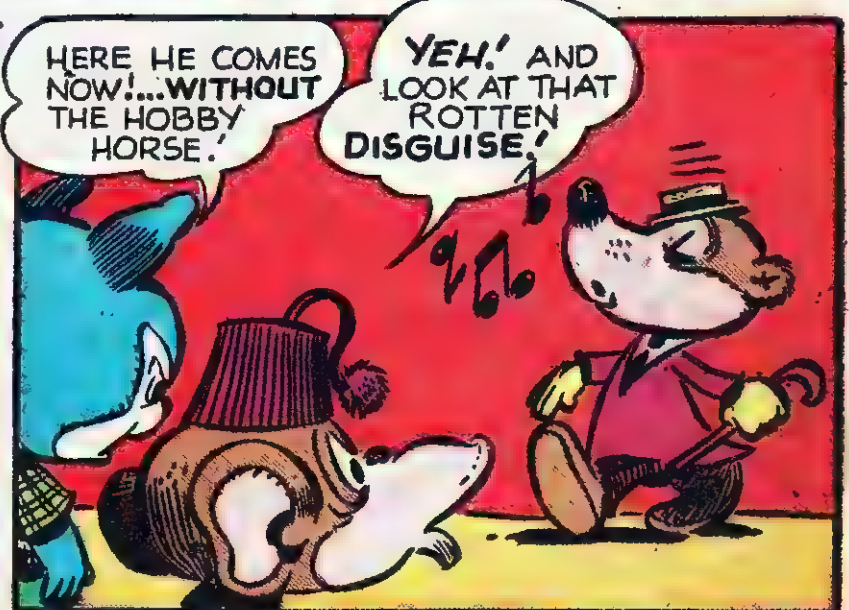
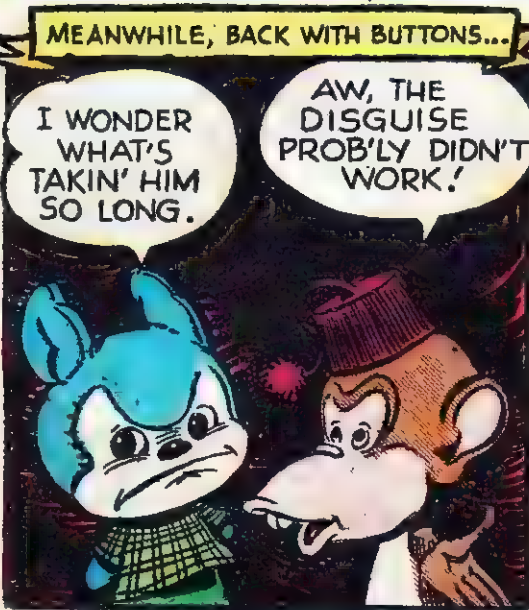
DOODLES DUCK

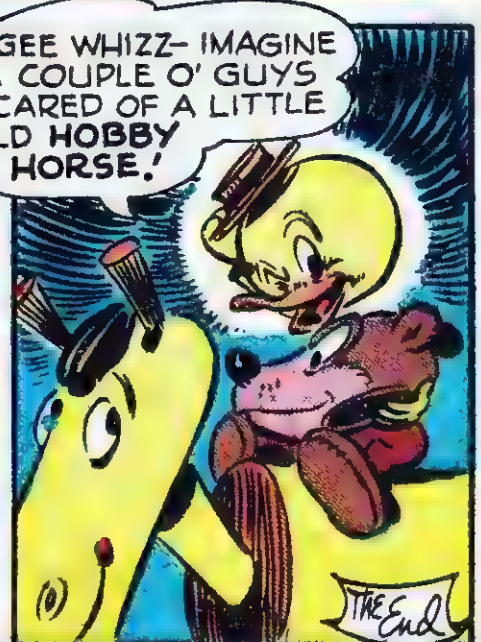
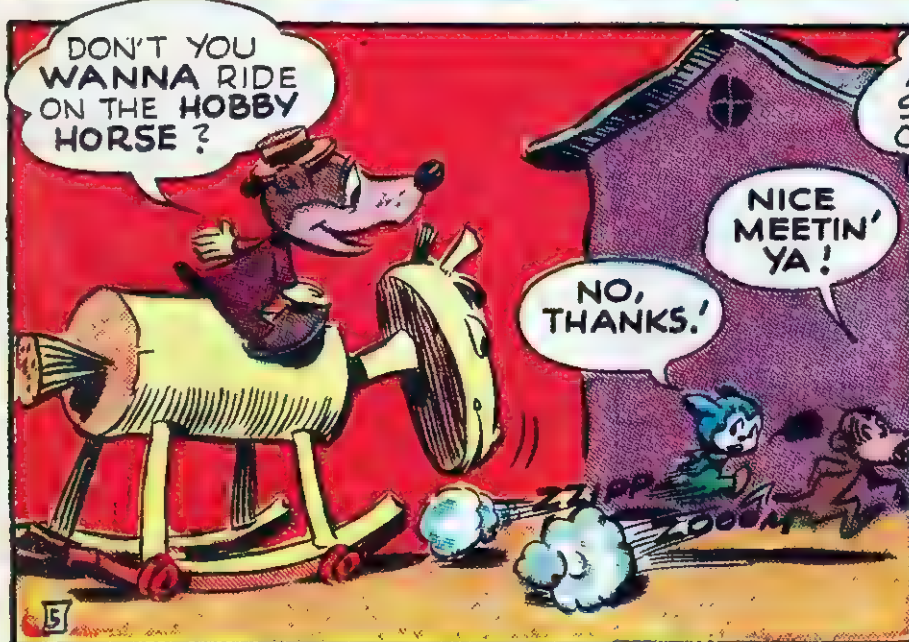
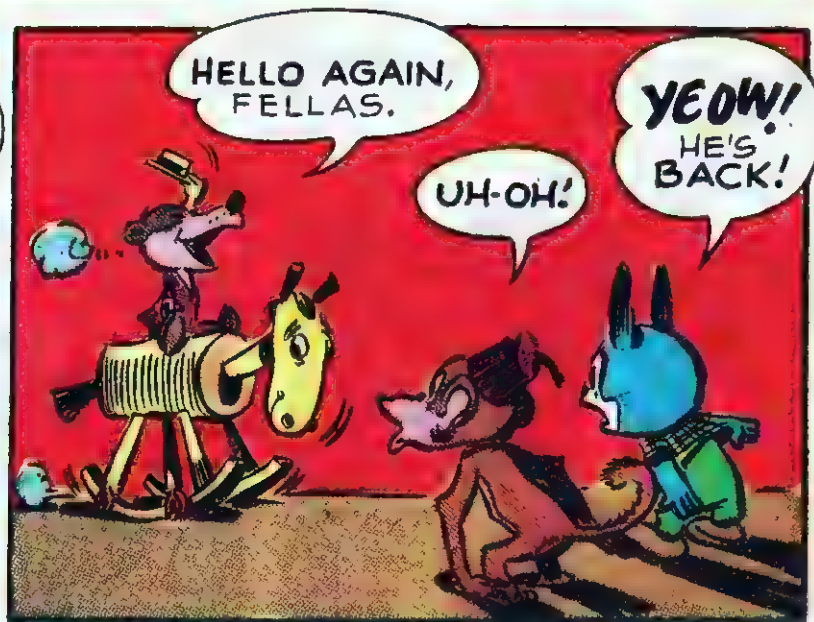
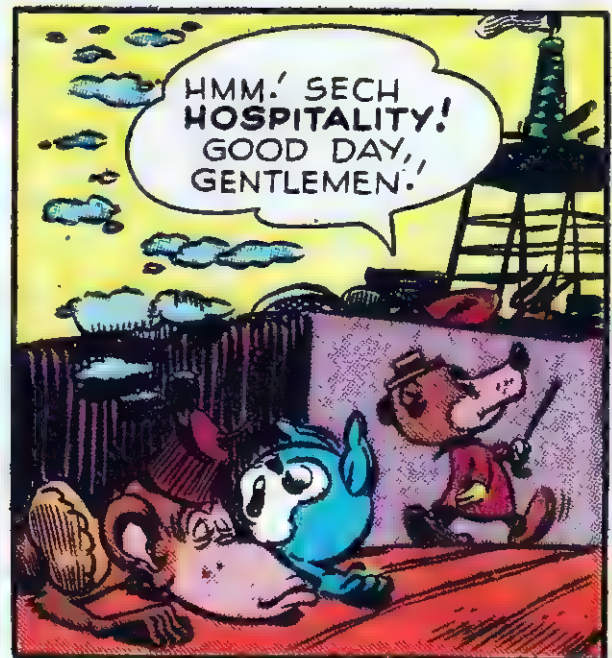
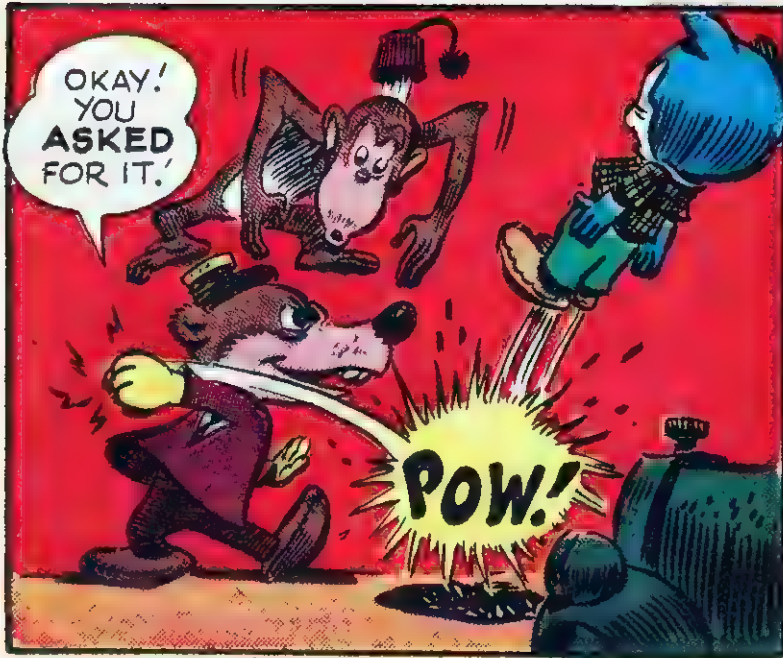
and his Joyland Playmates







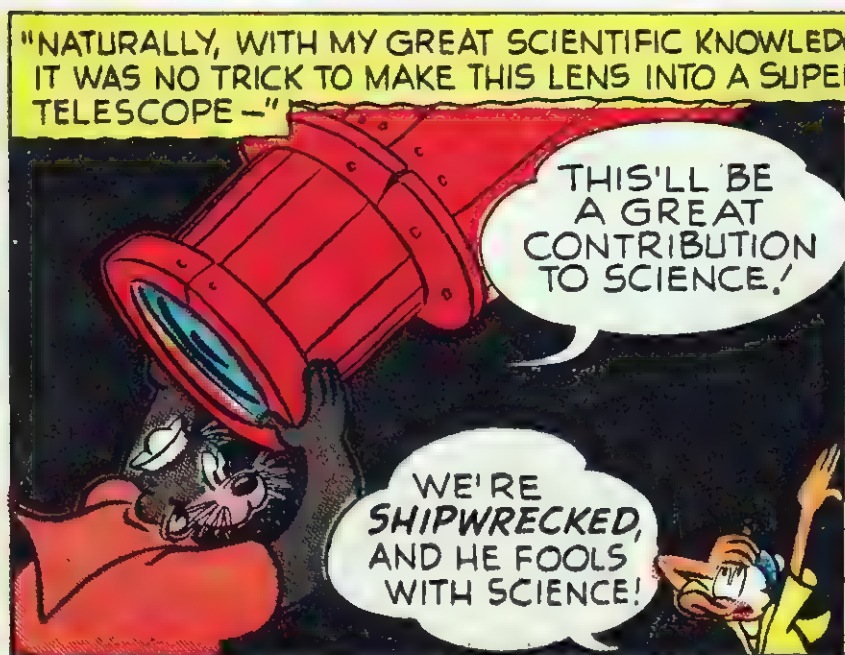
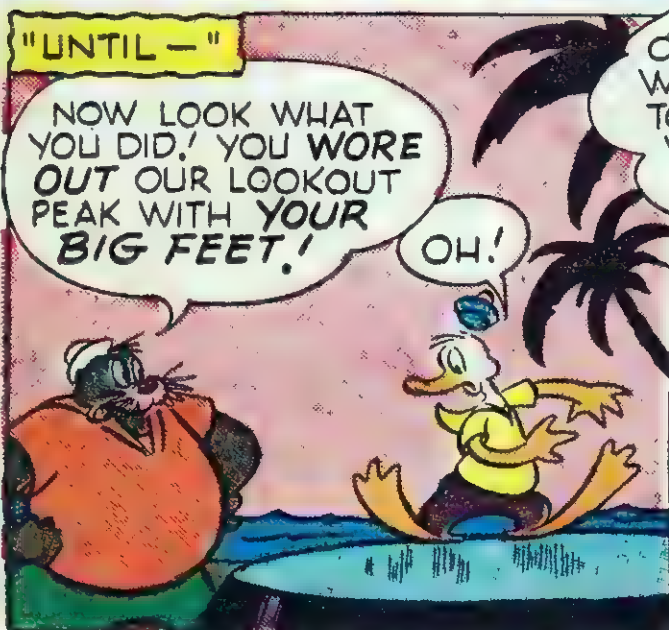
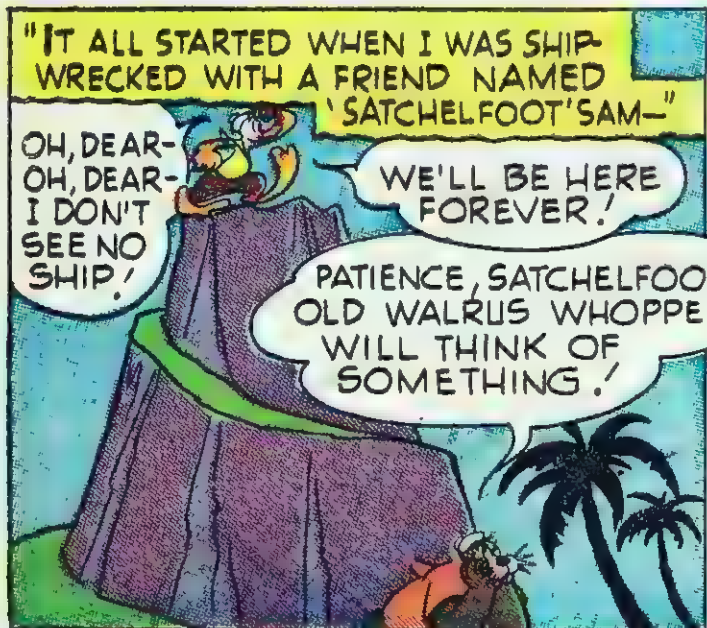


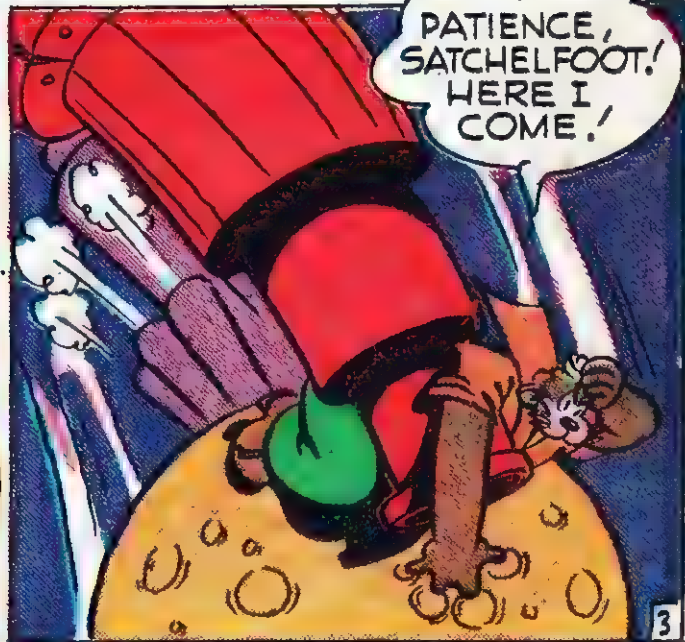
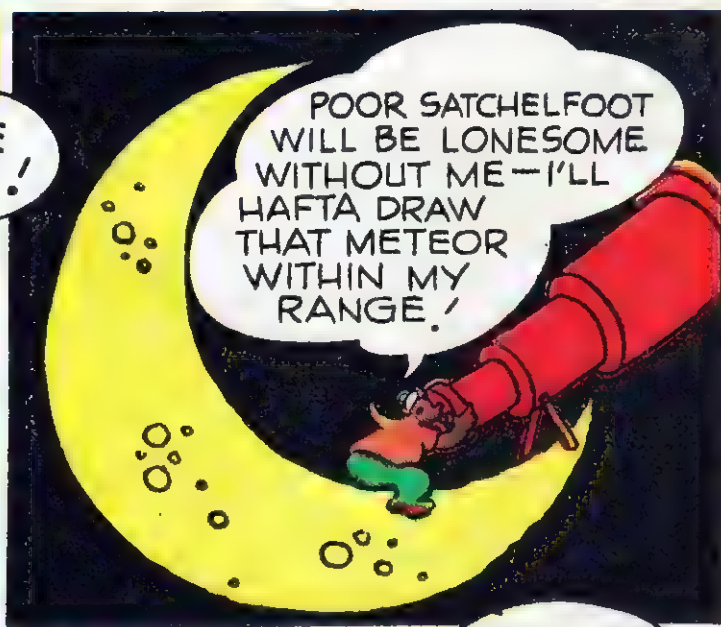
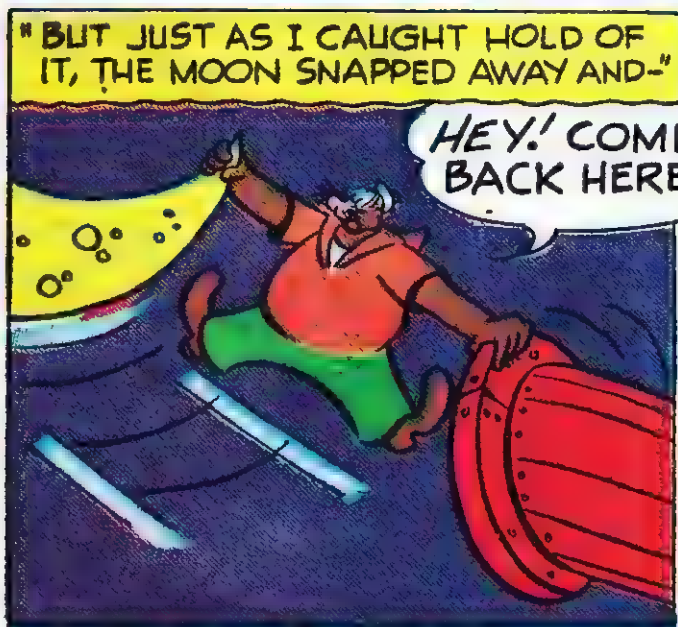


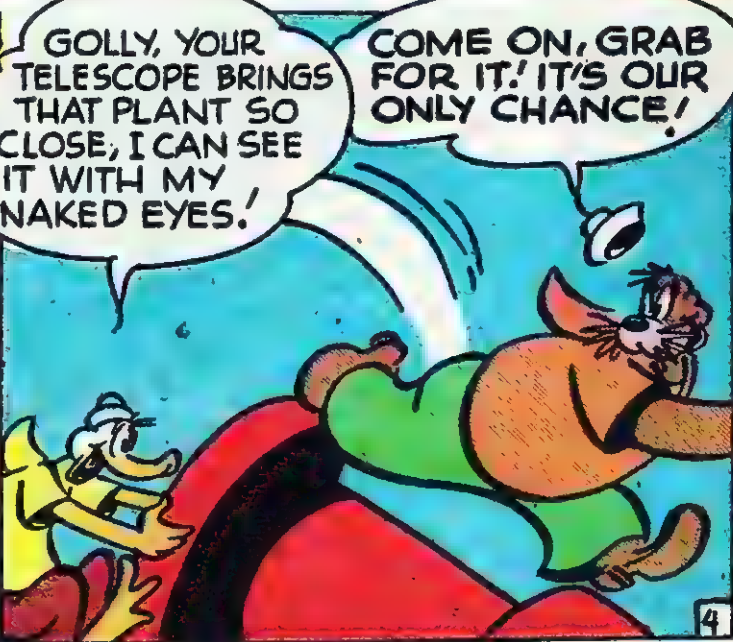
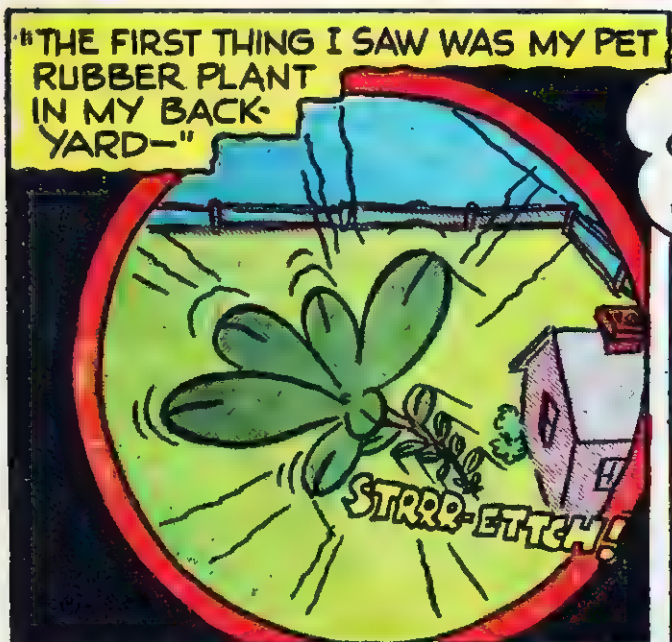
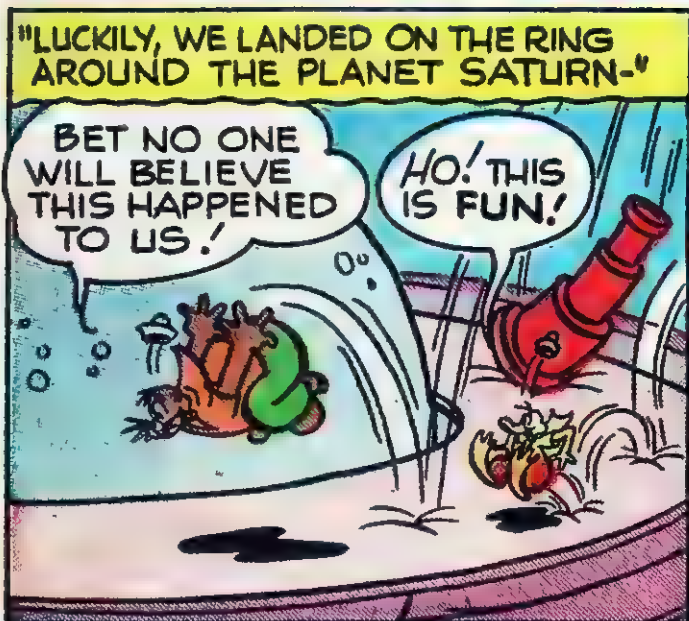
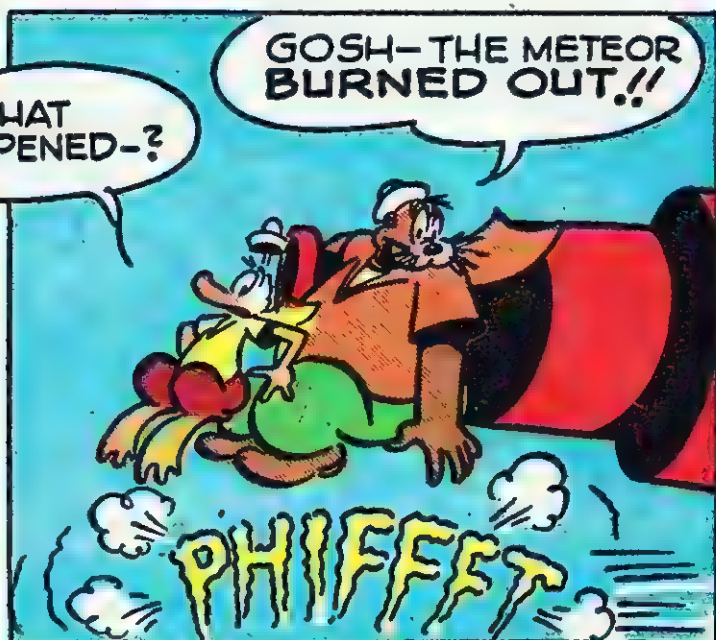
WALRUS

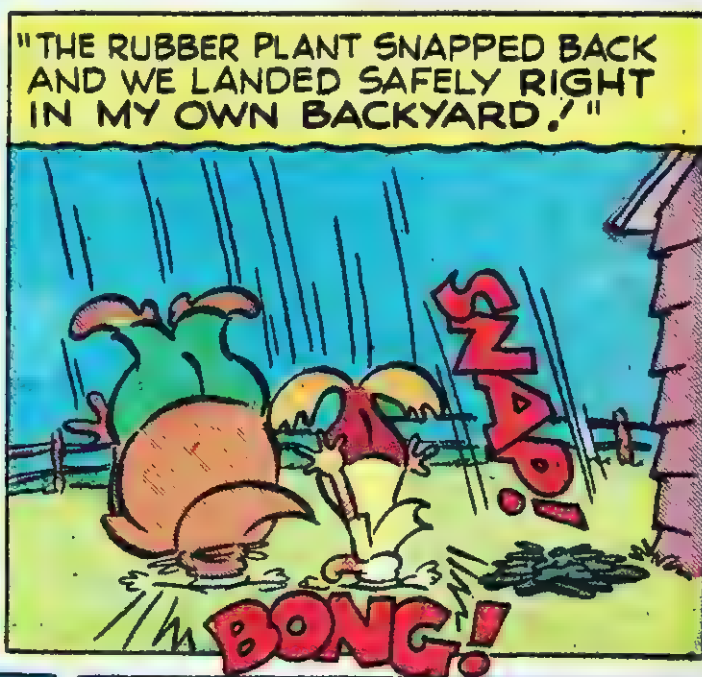
WHOPPER



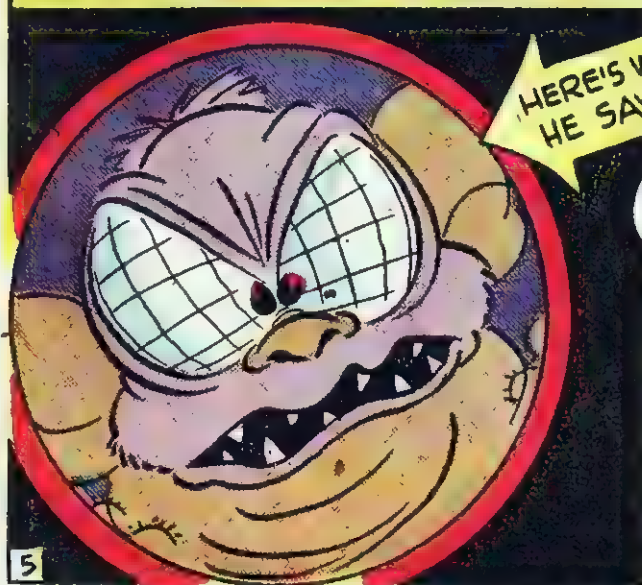








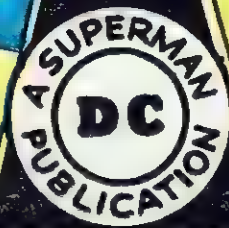
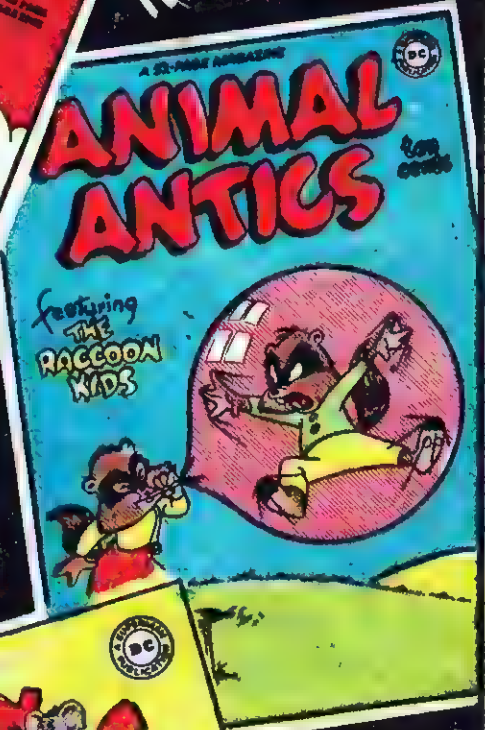
NO WONDER WHOPPER WAS SCARED!



THE END

WANT A BARREL OF LAUGHS?

DON'T MISS A SINGLE
ONE OF THESE
MAGAZINES!



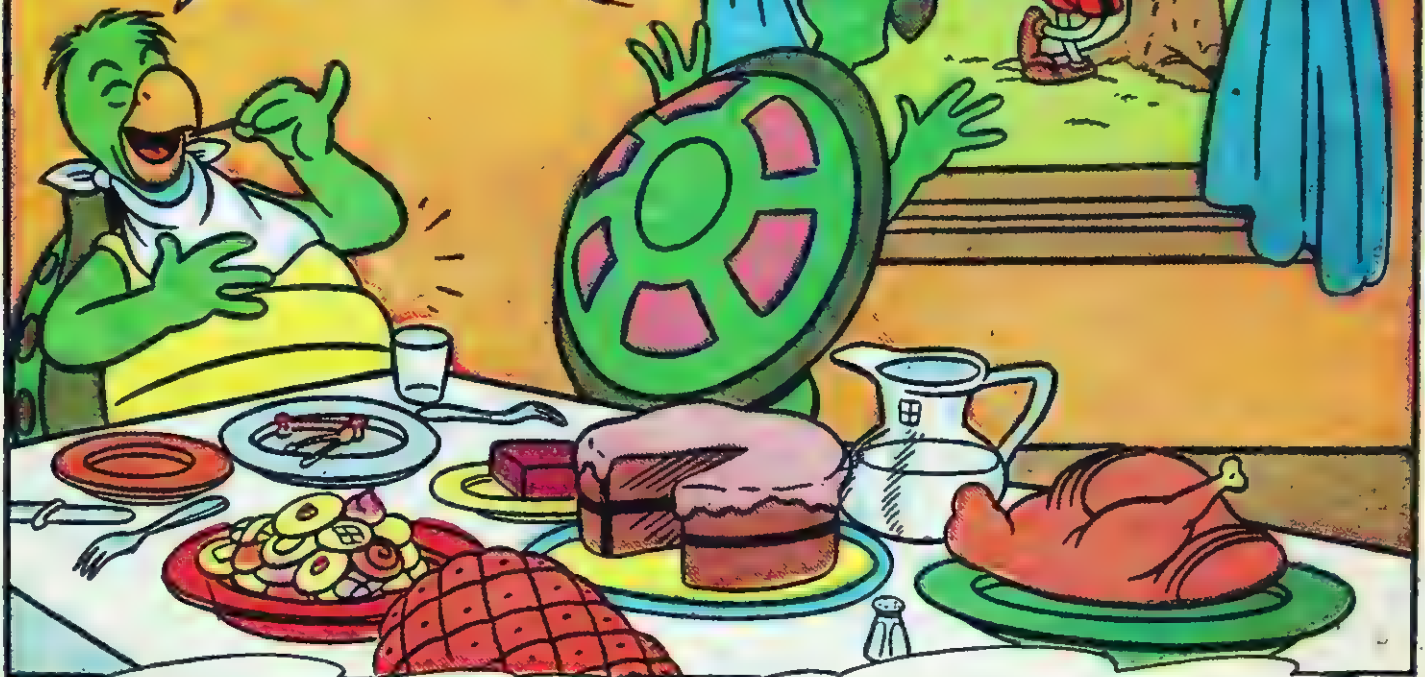
ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!

GET
YOUR
COPIES TODAY!

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE

WHAT A MEAL! YOU SURE CAN COOK, GRANMA! I'VE EATEN ENOUGH TO LAST ME ALL DAY!

THAT'S FINE, THROCKMORTON! WHY, I DECLARE—THERE'S HARRY HARE OUT THERE!

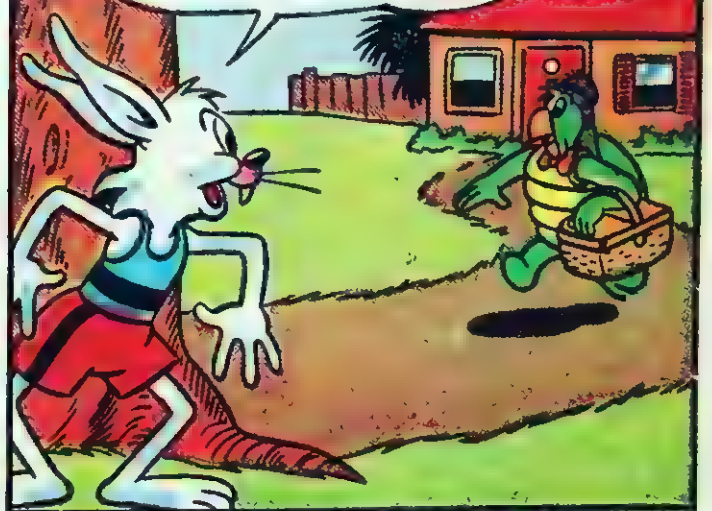


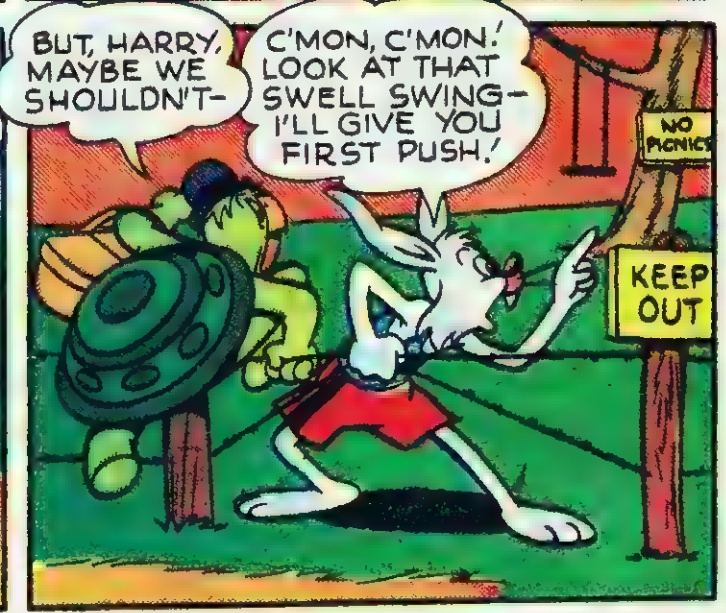
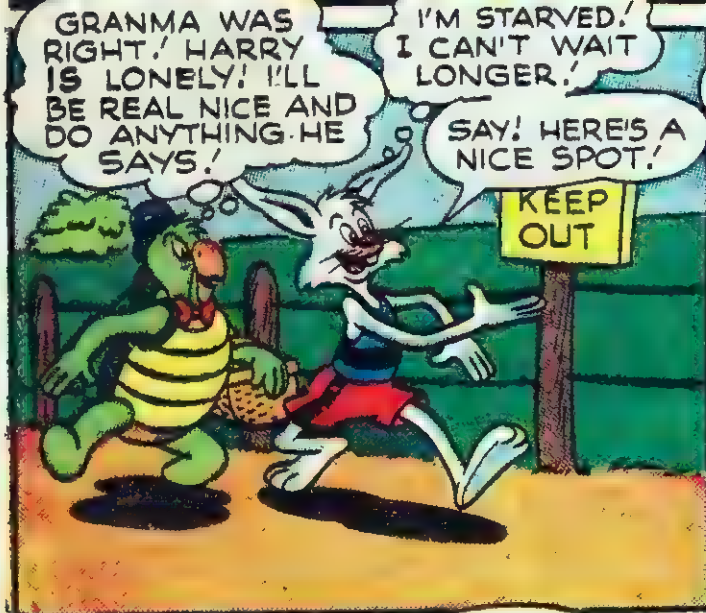
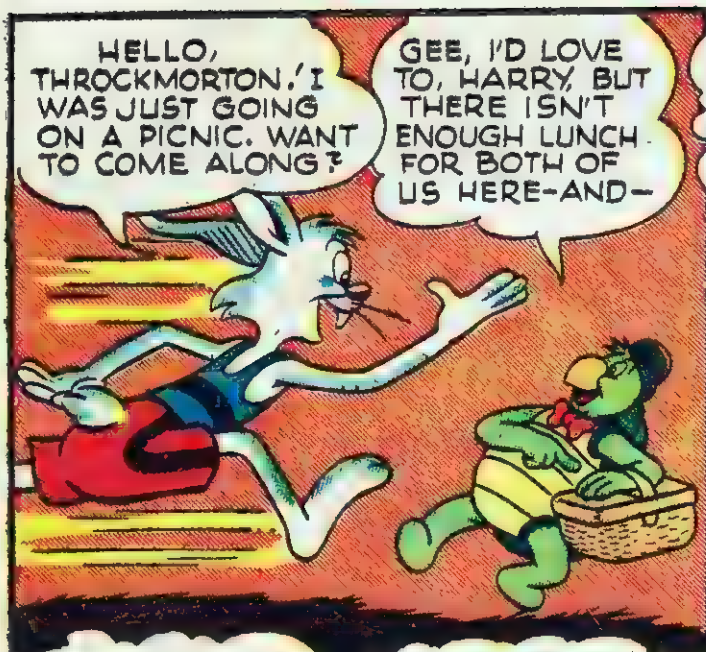
HE LOOKS REAL LONESOME! SHALL I FIX A BASKET OF GOODIES FOR HIM?

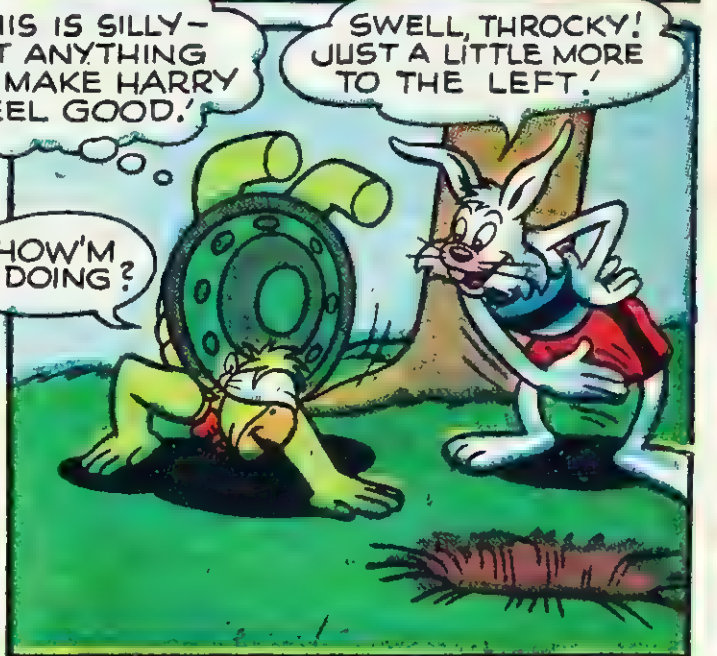
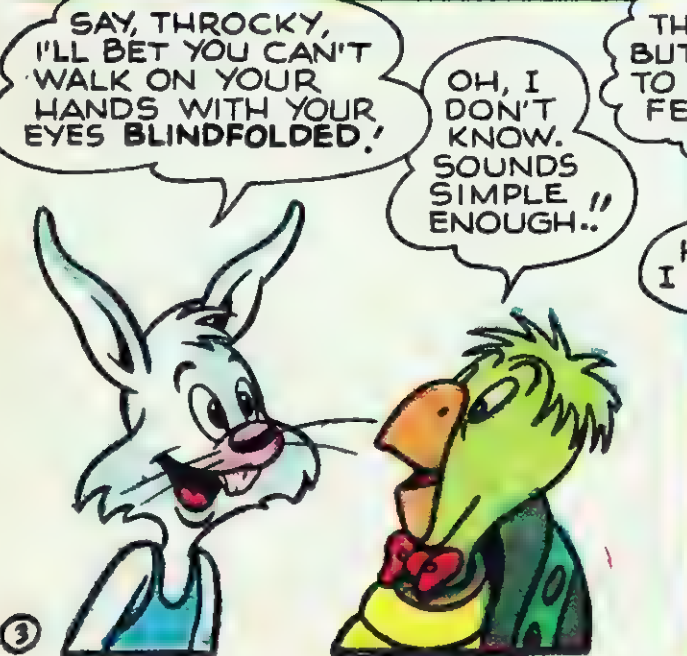
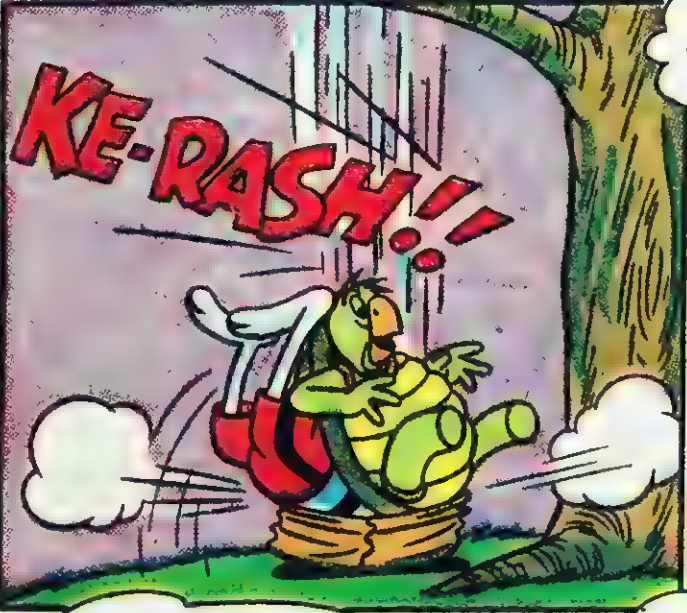
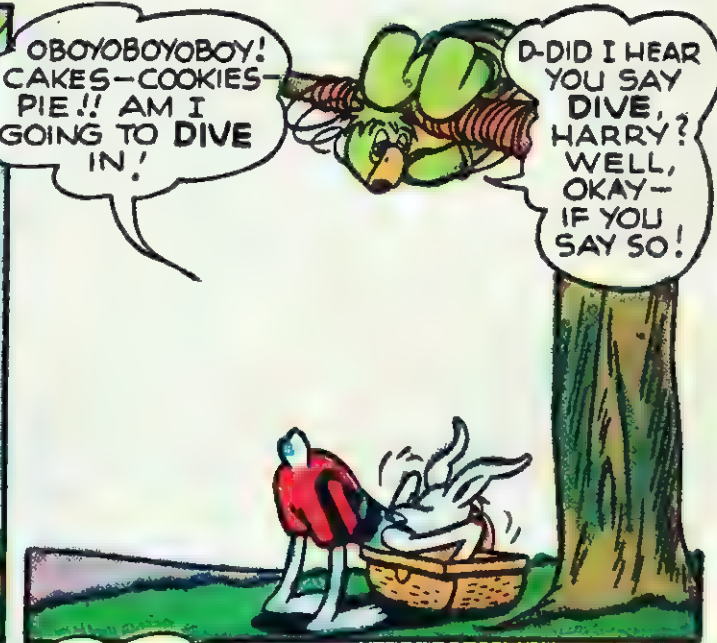
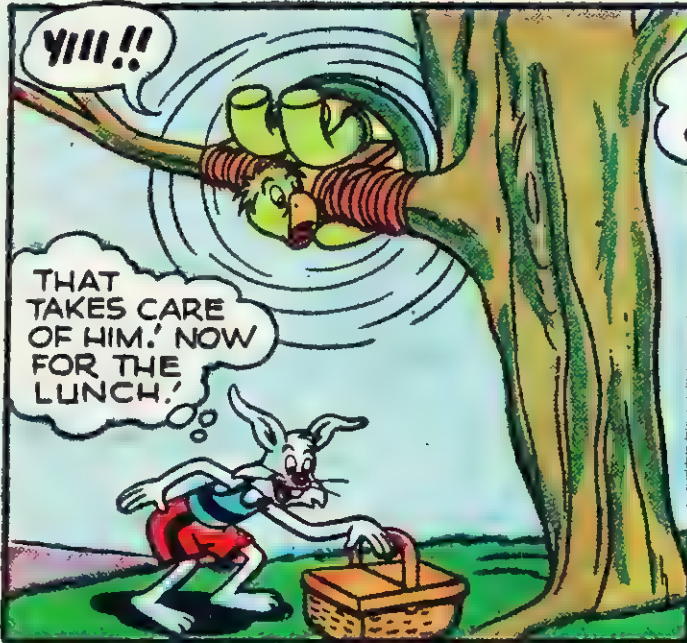
SURE, WHY NOT? I'LL TAKE IT OUT TO HIM!

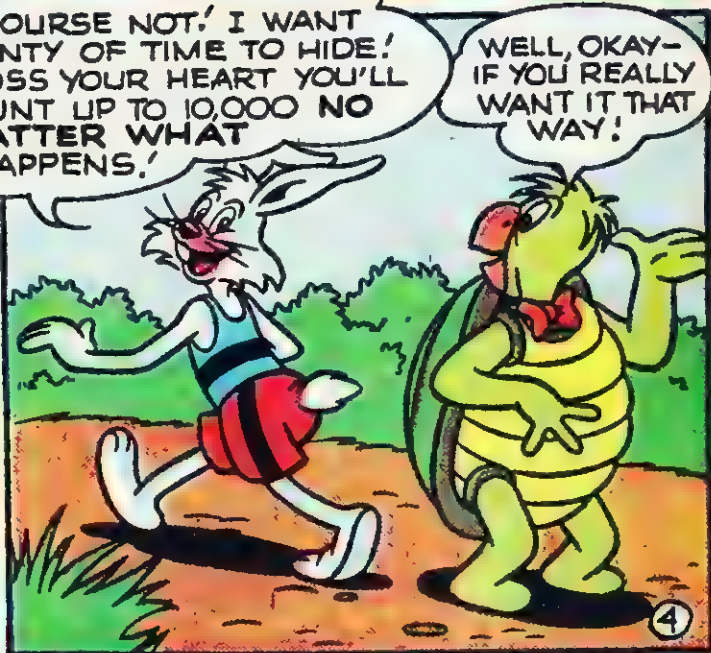
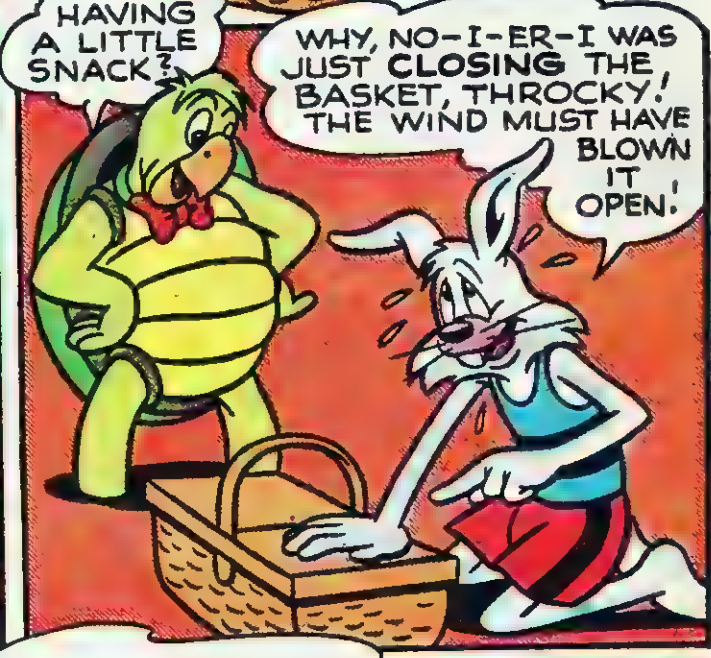
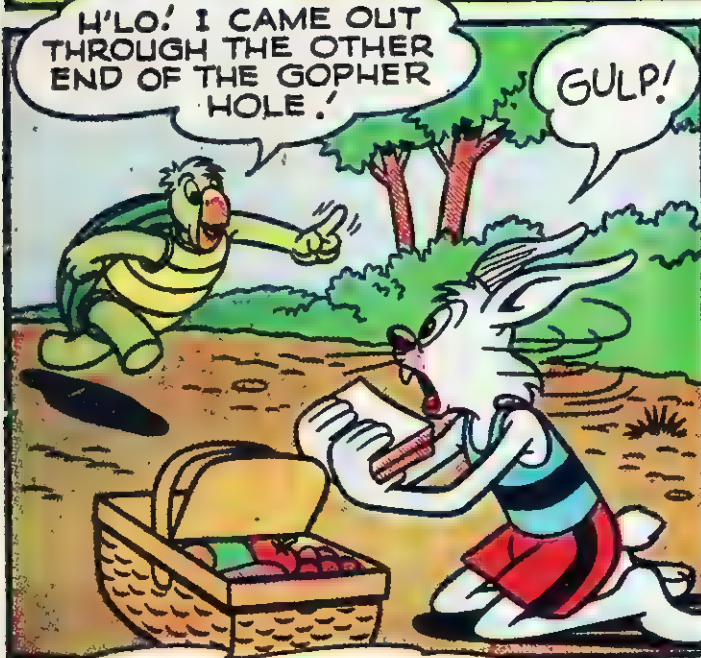
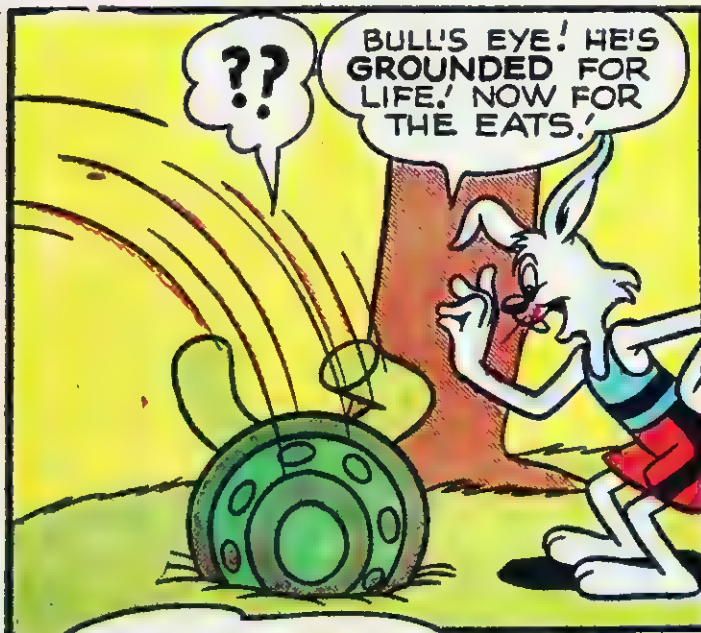


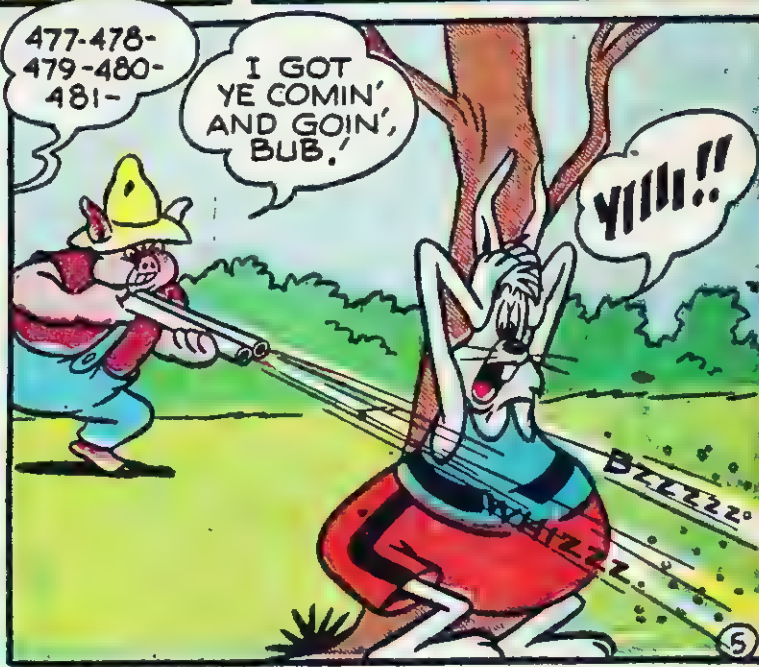
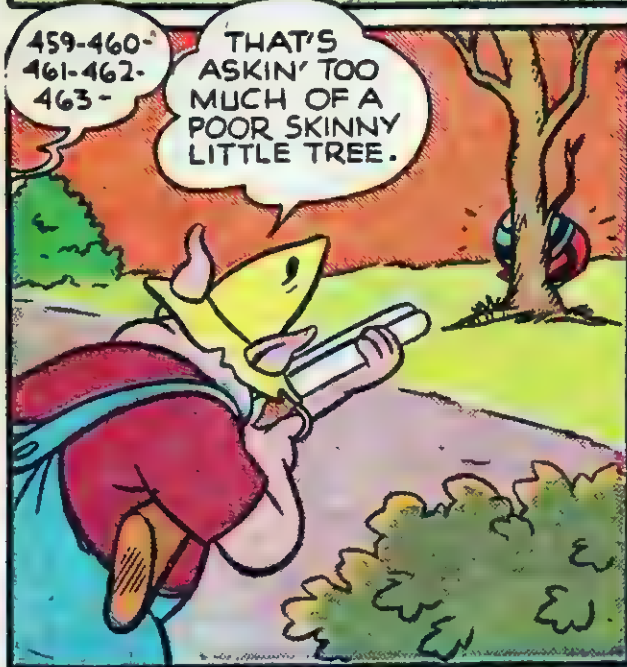
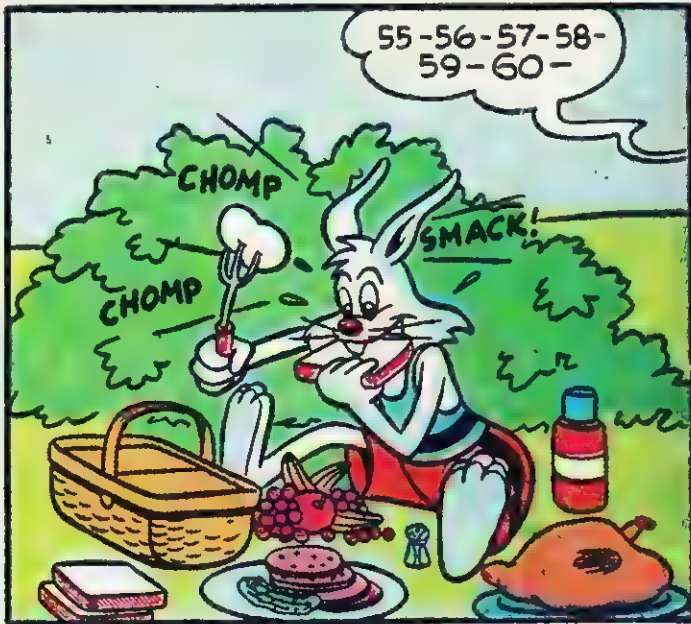
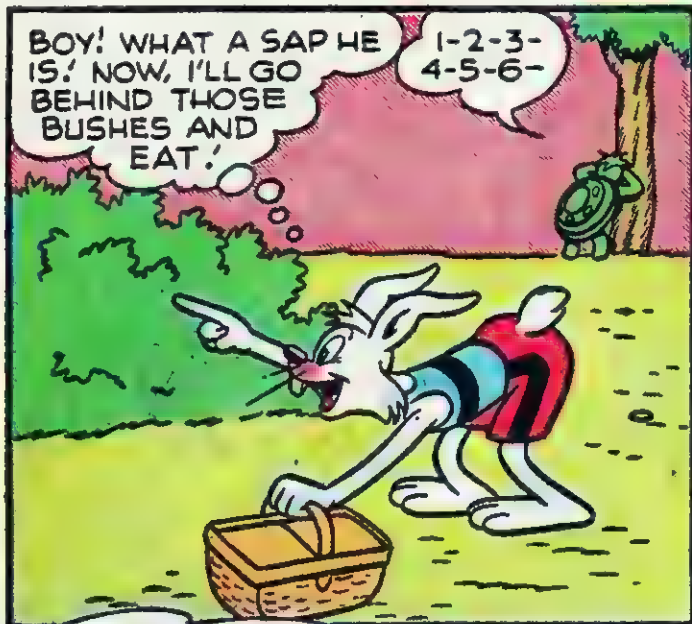
WHAT DO YOU KNOW! THROCKMORTON TORTOISE GOING ON A PICNIC ALL BY HIMSELF! HOW'LL I GET THAT LUNCH AWAY FROM HIM?

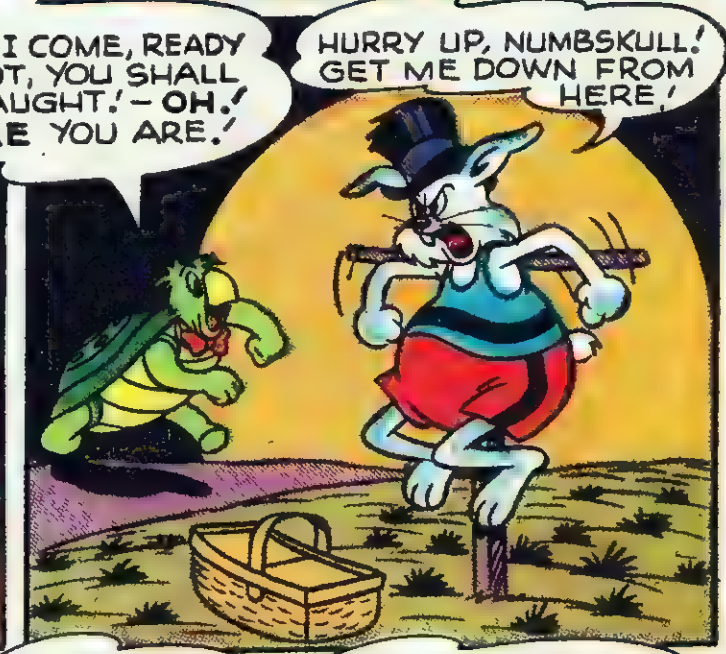
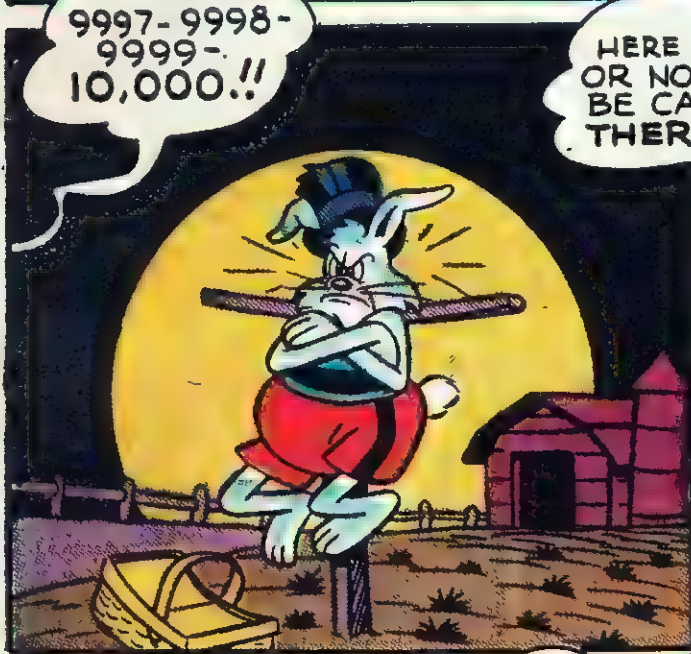
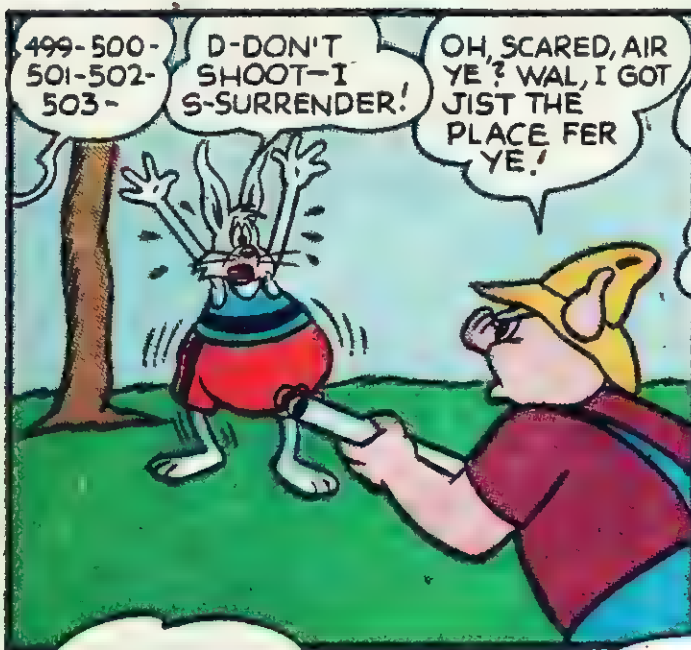












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PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE

WHY THE WILDCAT'S WILD

PAT PARROT yawned, put a claw over his wide open beak and said, "Pardon me." Of course, he was away up in a tree and nobody heard him. However, Horace Hippo saw him and since yawning is catching, he too opened his big mouth and yawned. In a few minutes the urge to yawn swept through the woods, and one after another—Elmer Elephant, Zeke Zebra, Carl Crocodile, Bernard Bear, Ewald Elk, Ludwig Lion and several others—joined in.

Pat, up on his perch, noticed all this yawning business, not realizing that he himself had started *his yawn*.

Now, when any member of the cat family decides to yawn, it isn't just a case of opening a mouth as far as it will go. There's a lot of other business that goes with it. First, one hind leg stretches out, then the other one, then both. Then the two front paws are pushed away out in front, and the fur stands up straight. He finishes up with

front and back toes touching each other, while his back forms the letter "U" upside down. All this takes quite a while, so, by the time Robert Wildcat had finished with his over-all yawn, quite a crowd had gathered to watch with interest.

"What's he made of—rubber?" asked Philo Fox.

Robert Wildcat glared at the speaker and walked toward Horace Hippo. He brushed against the huge round legs and **purred!**

Everybody looked and listened in amazement. Imagine a Wildcat purring. That was all right for pussycats. But a Wildcat!

Bernard Bear stooped over, brought a huge paw to his ear and listened.

"Yep," said he. "Purring away, to beat the band. You learn something every day."

Robert Wildcat stopped purr-

ing and looked at the others with pity in his eyes.

"Such ignorance!" he declared. "Of course I purr. And so do lions and tigers and pumas and jaguars and leopards and panthers and all the other cats."

"Yes, but—"

"Yes, I know. I'm a wildcat, and I'm supposed to go around snarling and yowling and being nasty all day long. But, like everybody else, I have my good moods and I can be as happy and contented as any of you."

"Why, then, do they call you a wildcat," asked Elmer Elephant.

"Well—" began Robert Wildcat. But a slight cough was heard and then the voice of Pat Parrot.

"Perhaps," said Pat, "I can explain things better than Robert can. After all, I got the facts direct from my grand-parrot, who got it straight from his, and so on back to the time it all

started. But, if you don't want to hear it, of course I—"

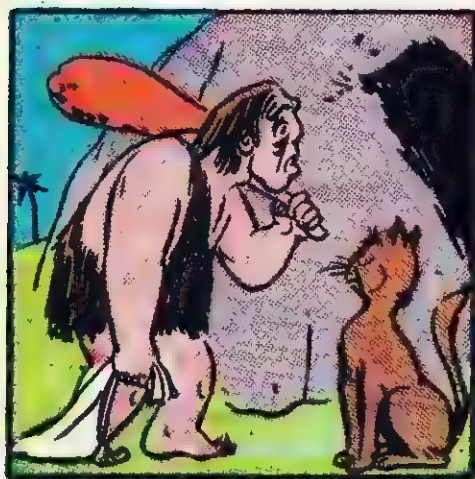
"By all means," said Philo Fox, as the others agreed with nods of their heads, "tell us what makes the wildcat wild."

"Well," began Pat, "we've got to go away back millions of years to the time when Robert Wildcat's ancestor, Rollo, started the ball rolling.

"Everybody thinks that the common every-day house-cat is descended from ancestors who were originally wild. That mankind captured them and tamed them and what they call 'domesticated' them. Made pets out of 'em.

"Not so. It's the other way around. Back in Rollo's time, all cats were tame. In fact, they were tamer than the cave-men, whose homes they shared. They sort of 'domesticated' the cave-men with their gentle soft ways and friendly meows. In this way, they showed their affection and thanks for the food and shelter that their masters provided.

"Well, all went fine with Rollo and his friends until the time of the big famine. There had been a drought. Crops and grass withered and died. There was nothing to eat and winter



was beginning. And it turned out to be a very cold winter. Rollo stayed home in the cave and waited, day after day, for his master to bring home food. The cave was cold. That didn't bother Rollo much. His furry coat just grew longer and thicker. Rollo's master shivered. Rollo felt sorry for him at first and then began to lose respect for him. He was so helpless.

"Day after day, Rollo sat at the cave entrance and watched his master come home with little food or none at all. They were both beginning to get thin.

"Then, one day, Rollo decided he'd go out for food on his own hook. He was amazed. There was plenty of it—all you needed was sharp eyes to see, a keen nose to smell and quick ears to hear. He ate his fill and carried some home to the master.

"Well, after that it was the cave-man who stayed home, while Rollo went out day after day and brought home the grub.

"The winter passed, spring came. Rollo's master just stayed in the cave or lolled around in front of it, while Rollo did all the work. Even his master could find food now—there was plenty of it, even for so helpless a creature as the cave-man. But he let Rollo do it.

"Meanwhile, Rollo had come to love the great out-doors. He stayed away from the cave a longer time each day. His master waited and waited for Rollo to come home with the food and he got angrier and angrier at Rollo until one day he blew up and scolded Rollo for



staying away so much and keeping him waiting.

"By this time, Rollo had lost all respect for this helpless man-creature, anyway, so, without saying a 'Meow,' he walked away and never came back. He had answered the Call of the Wild. And that's what makes wildcats wild to this day."

"We get you," said Horace Hippo. Robert is wild—meaning free—and not wild—meaning angry."

"Yep. Quite true," said Pat.

At this moment, Philo Fox, cousin of Dozer, the dog, chose to try an experiment. He bared his teeth and growled at Robert Wildcat. He regretted it.

For the fur on Robert's back rose. His back arched, he crouched, and, with claws outstretched, he leaped at Philo, landing with all four feet in the middle of his back. Philo yelped and howled and zoomed away, while Robert snarled at his disappearing figure.

He turned around to the others and, with a wink, said softly:

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes things get pretty tame, so I go wild—meaning angry."

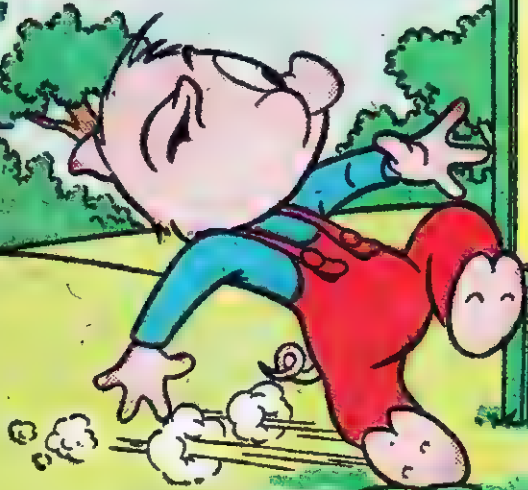
PETER PORKCHOPS

HUH? THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED...
A PIECE OF LAND ALL MY OWN!

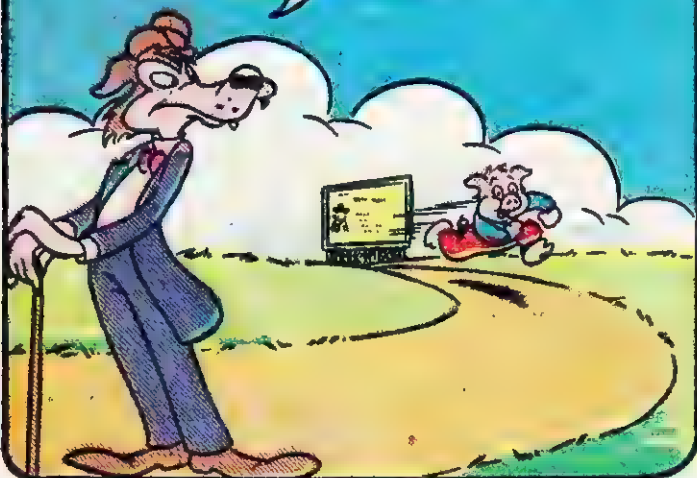
HURRY! HURRY! HUR



MAYOR HOGBRISTLE
GIVES AWAY CITY LAND
FREE FARMS FOR FIRST
COMERS



WELL, WELL. LOOK
WHO'S COMIN'— PETER
PORKCHOPS! AND IN SUCH
A HURRY!

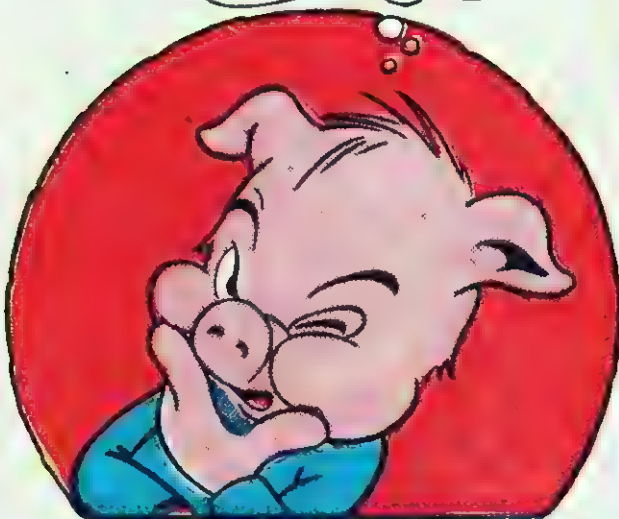


STOP! HALT!





SO! HE'S JUST FOOLIN' WITH ME, IS HE? I'LL FIX HIM!



I HAVE TO DELIVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO A. WOLF!

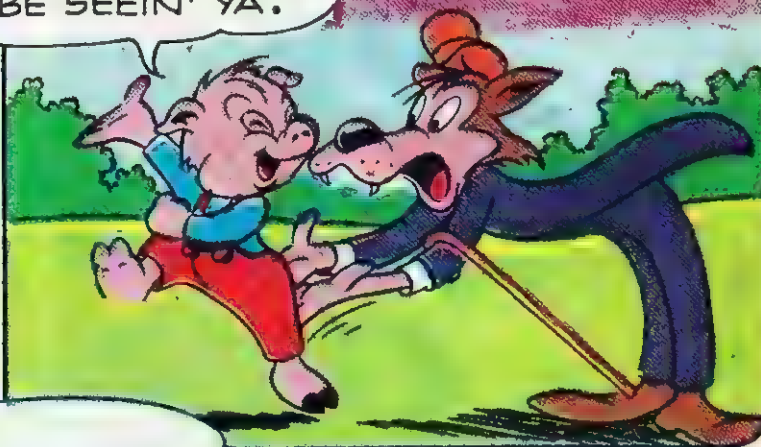


A. WOLF? THAT'S ME!



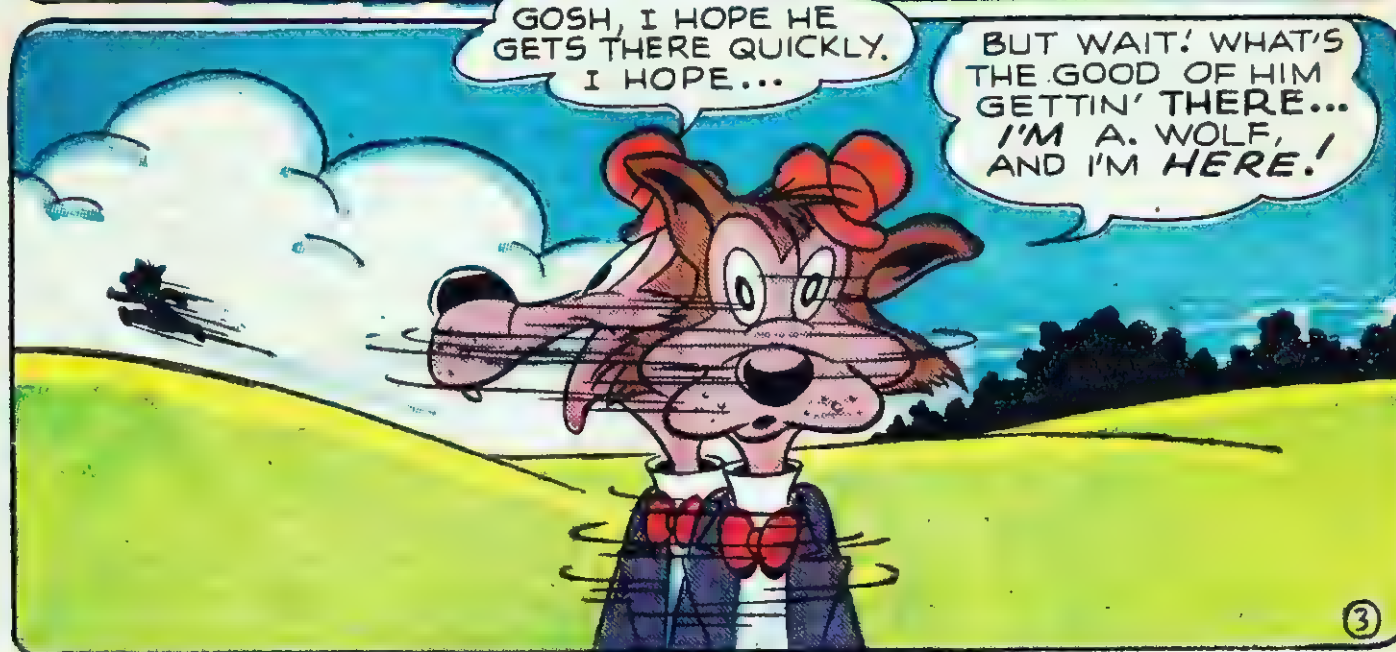
GO AHEAD, PETER! HURRY! THIS IS A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!

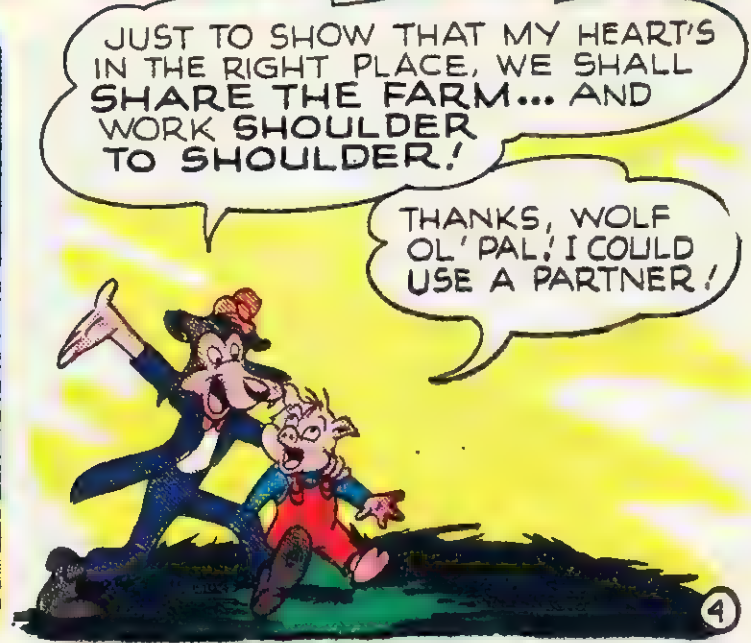
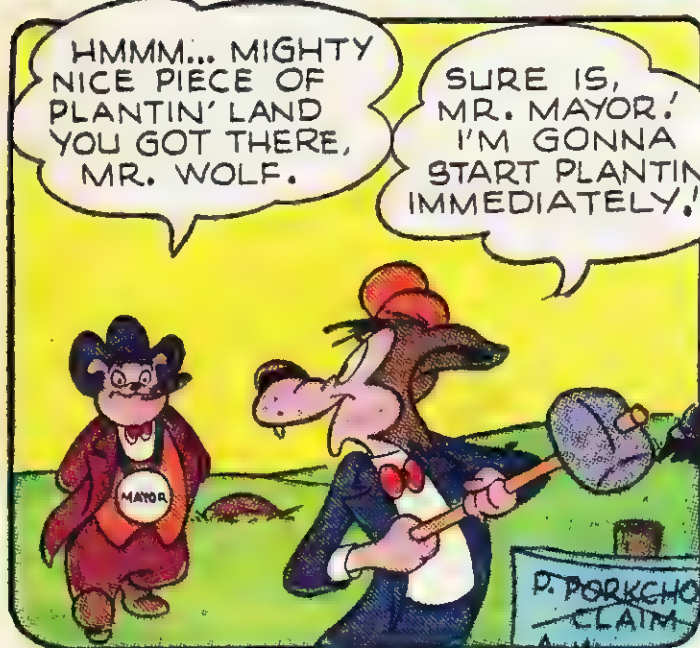
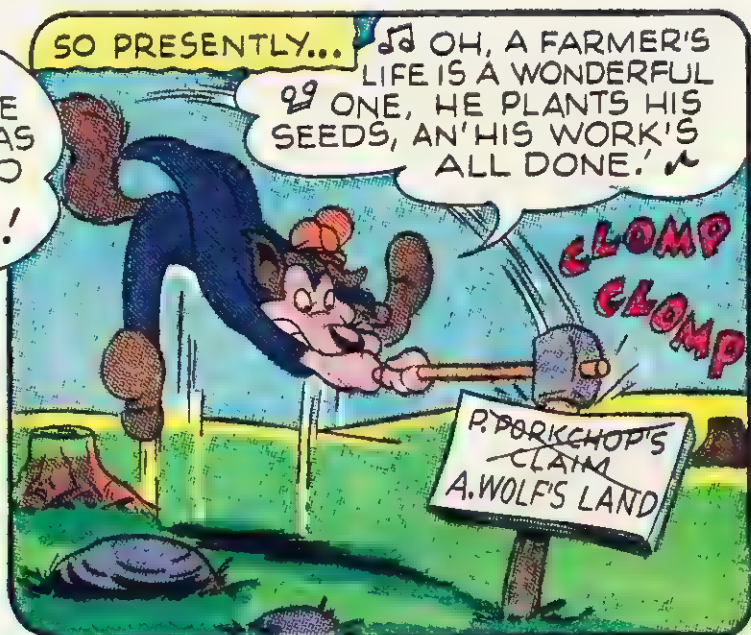
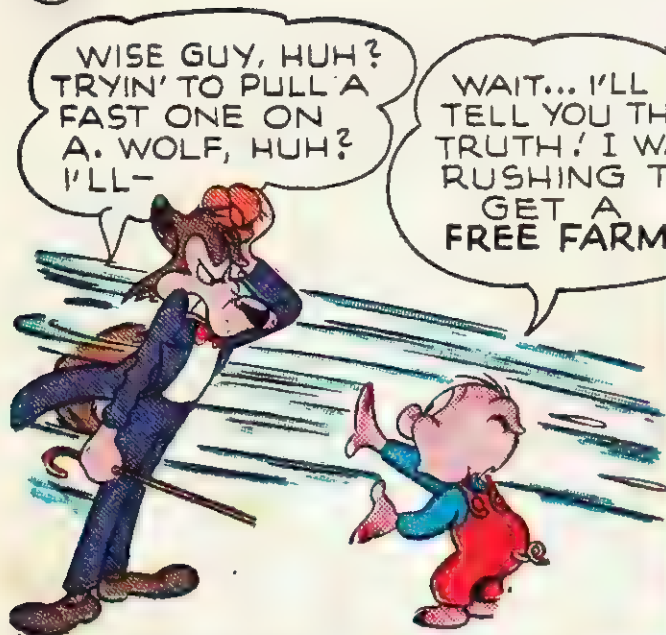
SO LONG, MATE. BE SEEIN' YA.

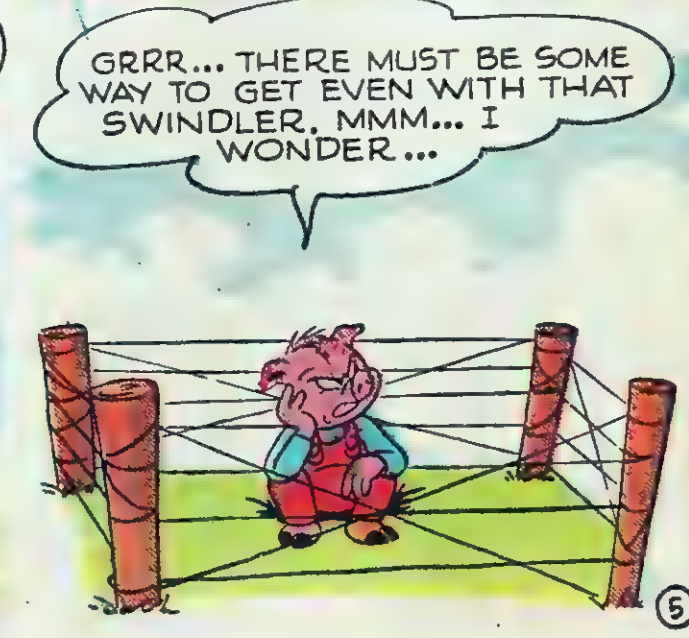
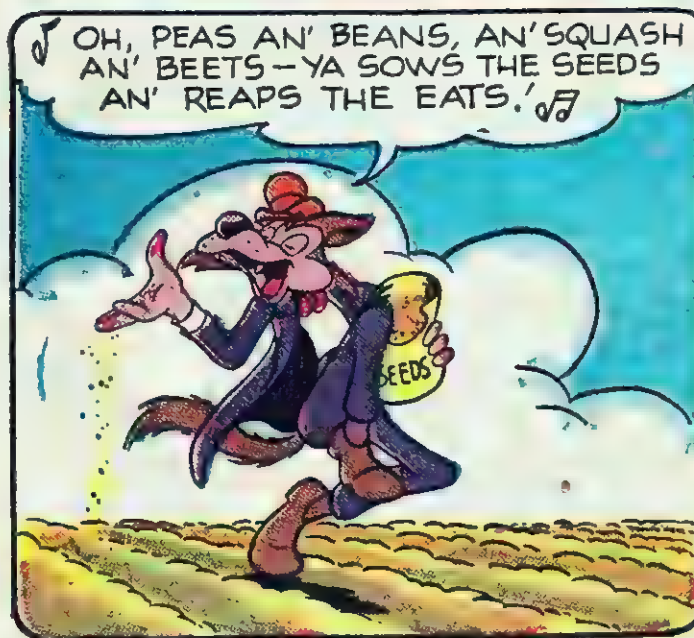
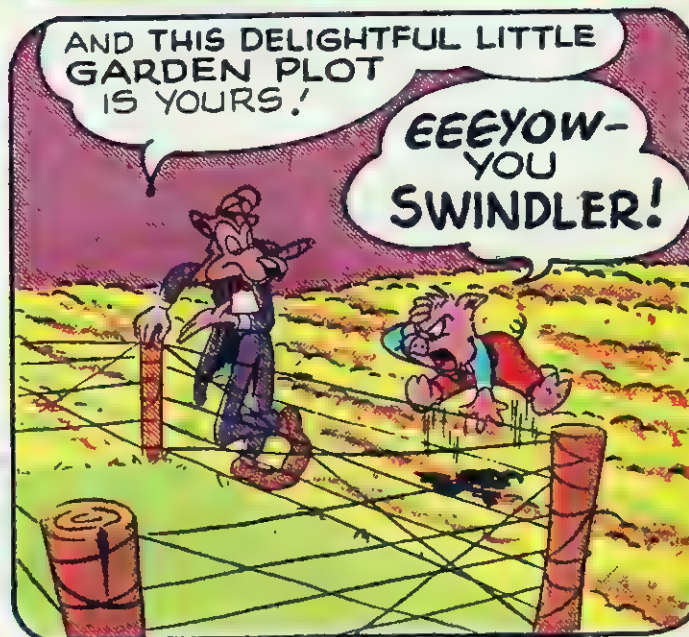
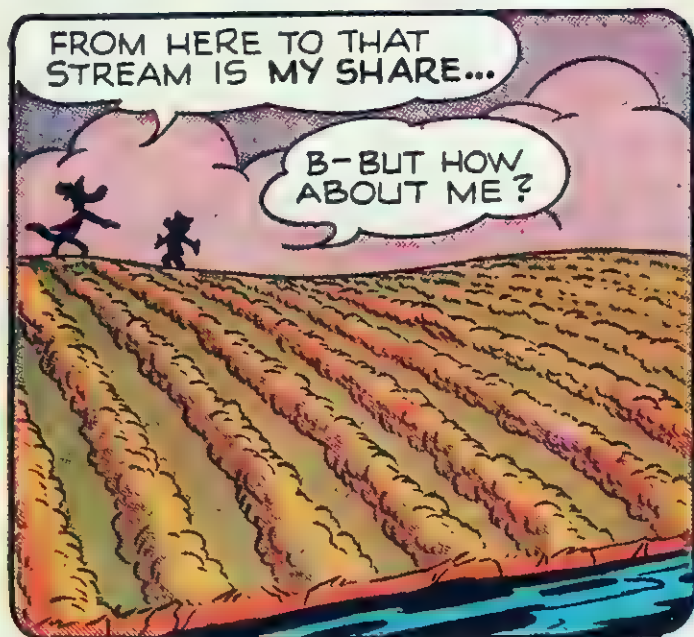
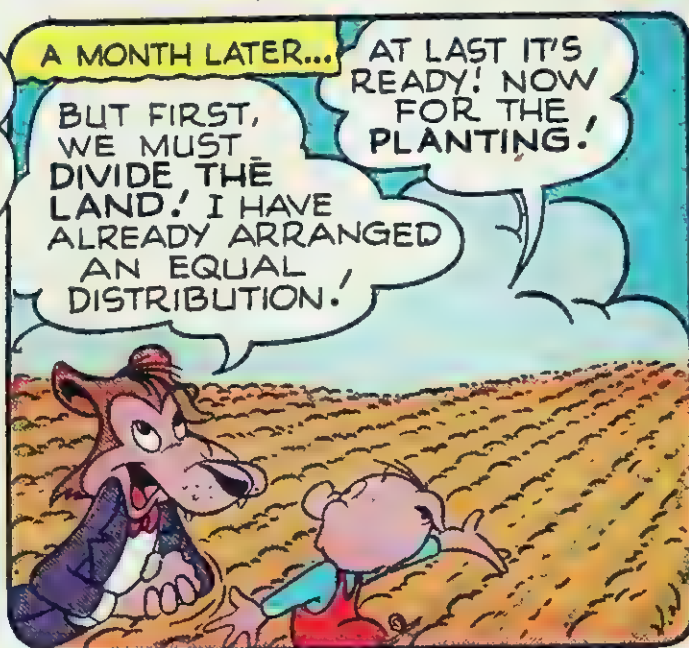
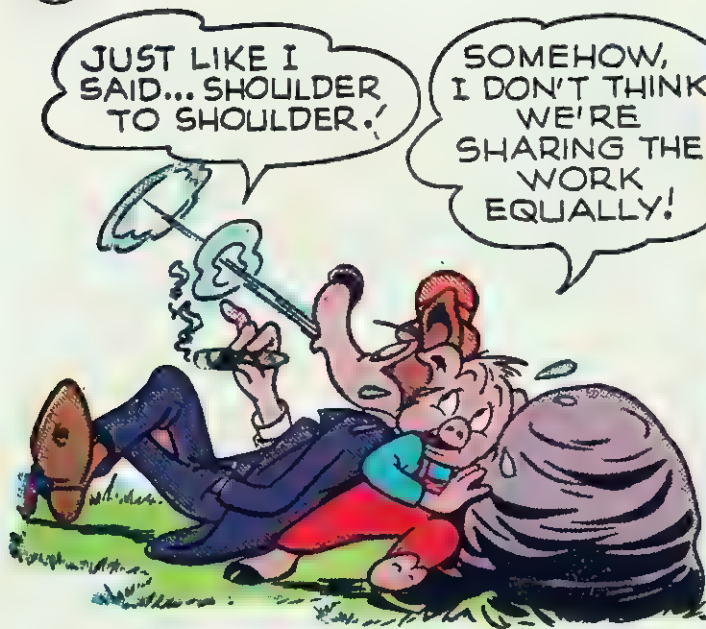


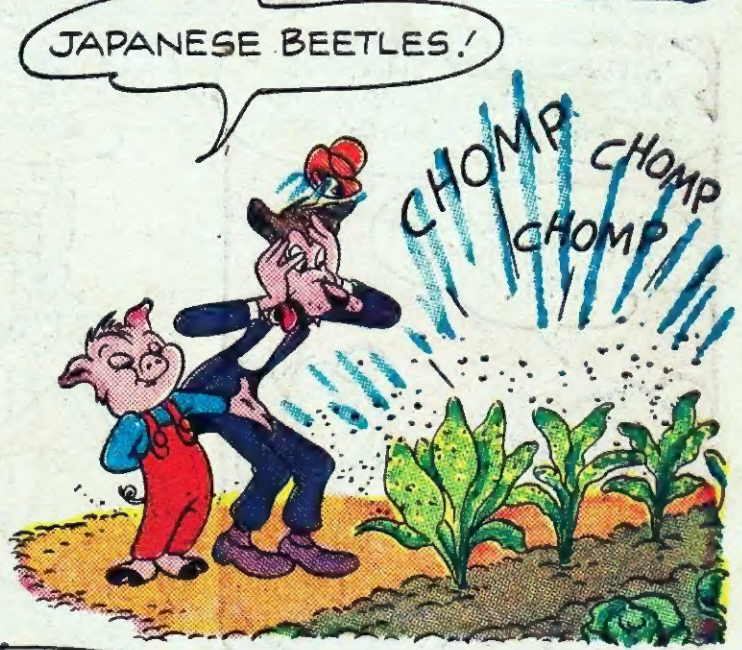
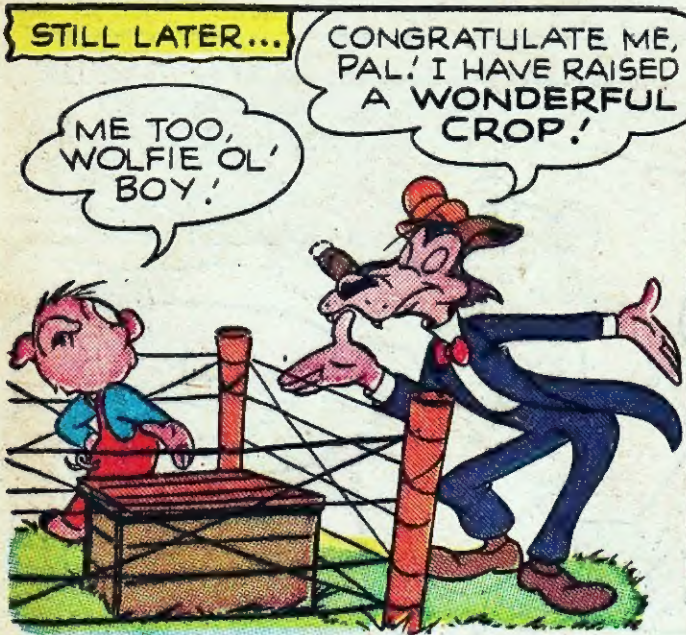
GOSH, I HOPE HE GETS THERE QUICKLY. I HOPE...

BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HIM GETTIN' THERE... I'M A. WOLF, AND I'M HERE!

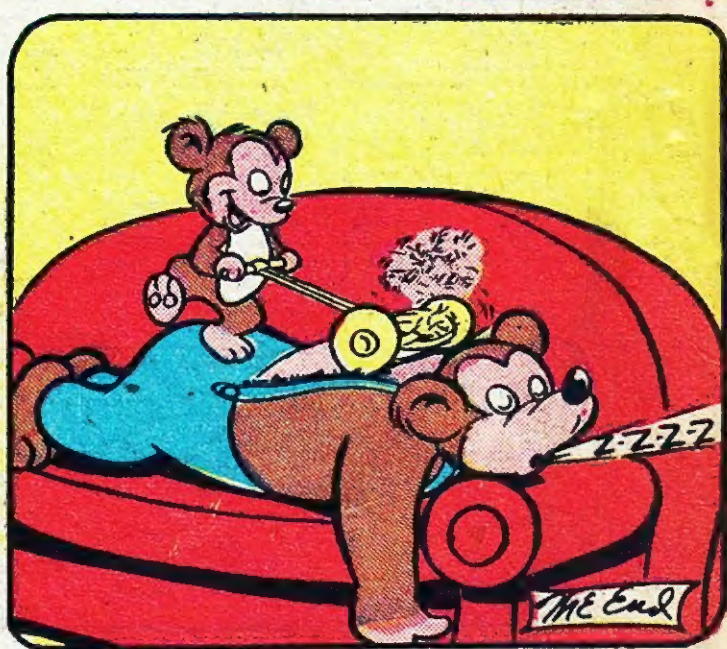








PAPA KNOWS BEST



How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps — yes, on each arm — in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day — right in your own home — is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost, if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

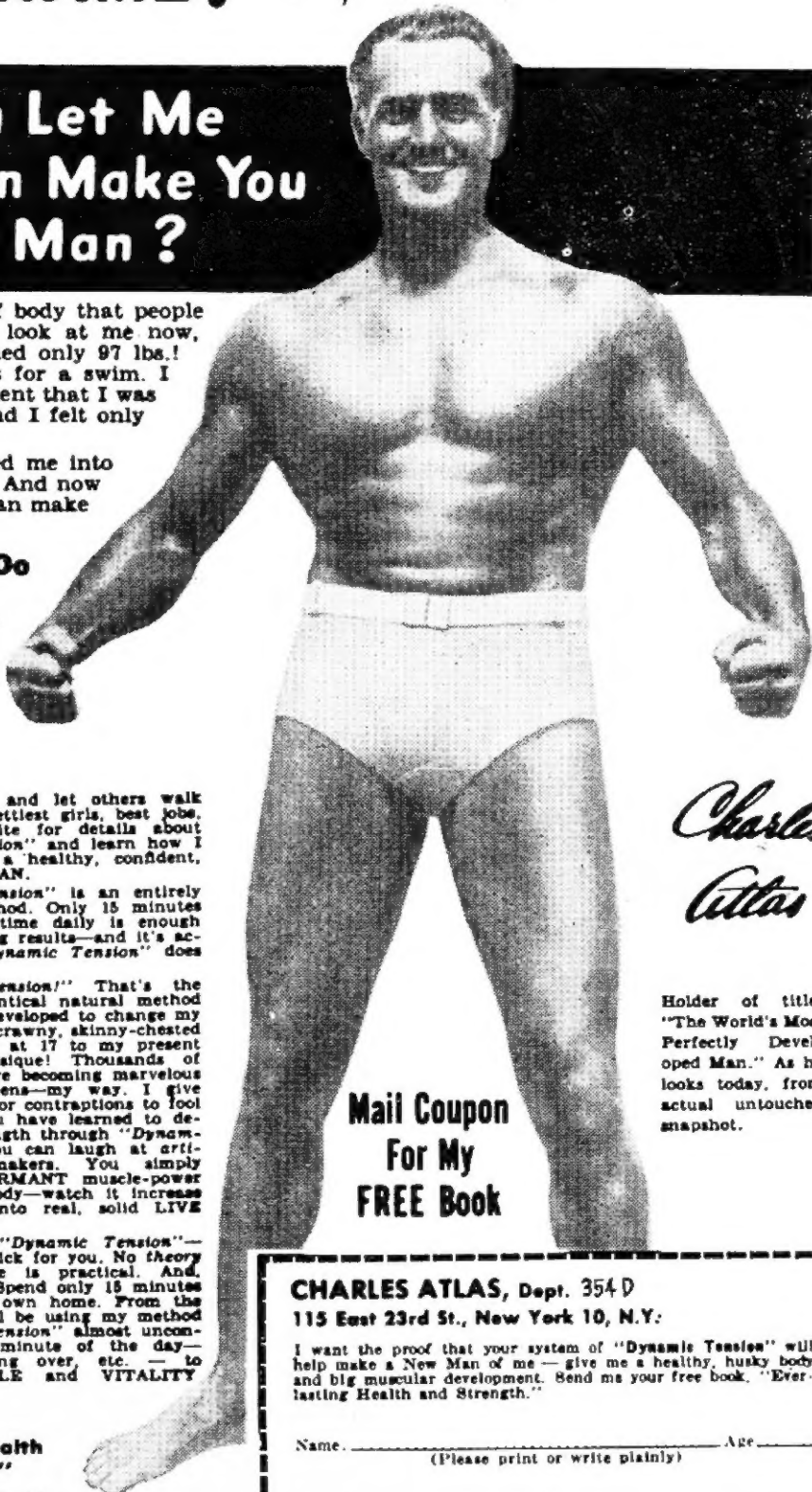
No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results — and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens — my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body — watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method — "Dynamic Tension" — will turn the trick for you. No theory — every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, etc. — to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY



Charles
Atlas

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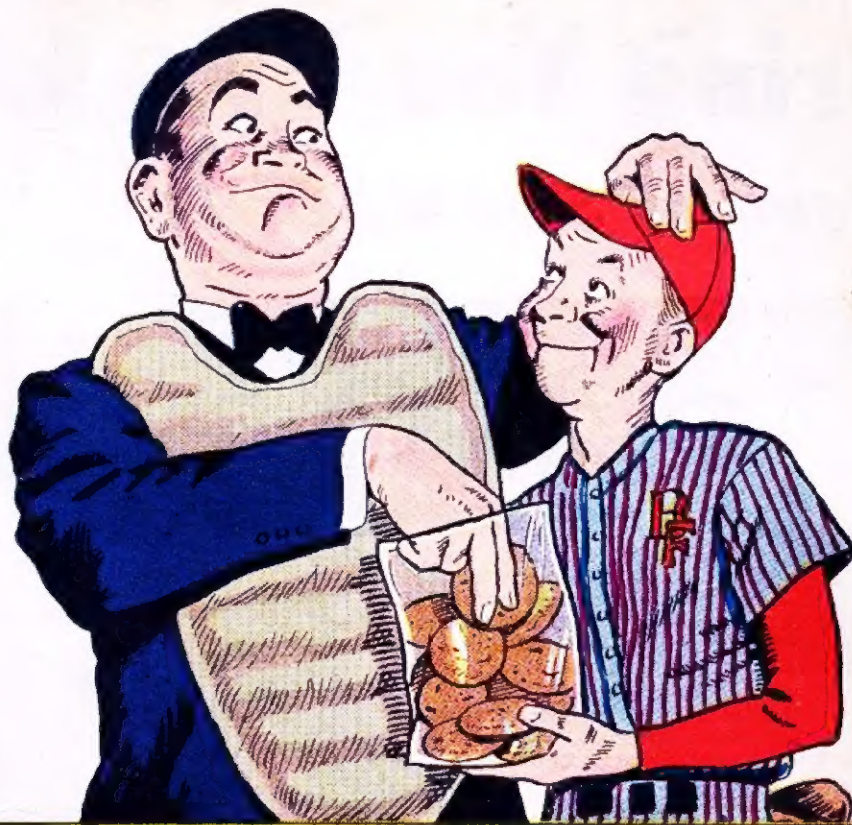
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